CANADA MONTHLY

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

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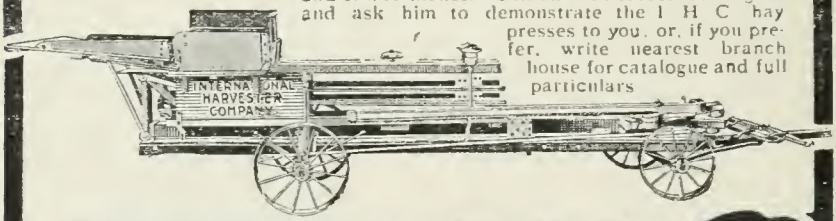

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CANADA MONTHLY

VOLUME VII. LONDON, JANUARY NUMBER 3

KAKABEKA FALLS
Has the tremendous drop of over a hundred feet and is now being harnessed to the extent of thirty thousand horse power.

HARNESSING THE SUN

BY CLAYTON M. JONES, C.E.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

"THEY are harnessing the sun out here in the Last West," said an electrical engineer in Winnipeg the other day. The statement was so startling that it seemed absurd at first glance. But there is a story behind it all—a story which involves the whole progress of the human race and the last great trek of the Sons of Men to the west and north. And it involves also in the settling of a virgin soil, the combination of machinery and science and engineering, backing the strong-hearted and clear-brained men who are pursuing opportunity out on the prairie.

Malthus, the great economist, asserted many years ago, that "the ultimate check to population is the lack of food." But when one recollects that in 1800, the population of Europe was approximately 200,000,000; that in one hundred years it had increased to 400,000,000 in spite of the immigration to America and during a period in which the population of the rest of the world had increased by only 100,000,000 souls; also that in the last ten

years the population is said to have increased at a much faster rate than in the ten years before, we see that something must have occurred in the history of the race since Malthus' time, of which he had no knowledge and which he did not anticipate.

From the Aryans and the Persians—the sun worshippers of the East—to the Jews and the Gentiles—the sun harnessers of the West—is a tremendous jump in the evolution of a race. Most wonderful of all, there are men living to-day who can remember the beginning of this jump—started after they were born and now, perhaps, at its greatest height and swiftness.

The big jump began simultaneously with the opening of the western States, and now, at the swiftest portion of the leap it has hit the Canadian West head-on, creating a drama there as spectacular and of as great human importance as ever occurred in the history of a race.

To trace the jump from the beginning, we must go back to the memorable year of 1831. Watt had invented the steam engine and factories were starting up in England. Faraday had slaved ten years in his laboratory and had finally discovered that he could generate a current of electrity in a loop of wire by revolving it transversely between the poles of a magnet. One had applied the expansive power of steam to a mechanism with which to do the work of men and the other, delving in pure science, had discovered a medium for the transmission of power over long distances to the point of application—the full commercial development and importance of which did not appear until the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893, long after the western States had been settled.

In this momentous year of 1831, settlers were rolling out on the broad acres of the West in their prairie "schooners," drawn by a yoke of oxen at the rate of two miles an hour. Here they erected sod houses and scratched the surface of the land with their primitive farming tools. If the area of one of these western states were planted, it would have taken the whole working population in the country at that time, to have reaped the grain by hand. The gaunt shadow of poverty which had pursued the human race like a nightmare from the beginning of its existence, was as much in evidence under a new and untried form of government where men were called free, as it had been in the Old World under the sceptre of kings and the sway of monarchs. A half century of independence had elapsed, and it was evident that declarations and constitutions could not make men really free while they held in their hands the tools of serfs.

In England, the steam engine had been abandoned as a method of transportation because it could not compete with horses, and George Stephenson, the builder of the locomotive, was called "the craziest man in England." In this country Morse and his "new-fangled" telegraph were sneered at, as were the Wrights and their flying machine in our own times. Howe had not invented his sewing machine, Hoe his printing press, nor Deere his steel

NEAR CALGARY, ALBERTA, THERE ARE NIAGARAS OF POWER WAITING TO BE LED DOWN FROM THE HILLS

AT BENNINGTON FALLS, NEAR NELSON, B.C., FIFTEEN THOUSAND HORSE POWER IS DEVELOPED AND TRANSMITTED EIGHTY MILES

plough. Stoves, matches and oil lamps had not as yet come into existence. Petroleum was peddled around in bottles as medicine, and iron was seventy-five dollars a ton. The West was as yet unsettled. Chicago was little more than a trading post, and not a grain of wheat had been grown in that section of the country west of the Mississippi and north of Mason's and Dixon's line. Truly, the subjugation of the soil was begun under inauspicious conditions.

But as the increasing population of England, pressing harder and harder on the means of subsistence that came from the limited acreage of an island, had created the necessity which had evolved the steam engine, thereby making possible the exchange of manufactured articles for food stuffs; so, in this new country with its boundless fertile prairie had arisen an insistent need for a method of agriculture on a large scale,— to be able to reap all the grain that might be grown on a big western farm in the few days in which grain is reapable; in other words, the changing of farming from "getting a living" to a business enterprise. Cyrus McCormick had been working several years on this problem, and in the same year that Faraday had discovered how to make a cheap and continuous flow of electricity, McCormick drove his first crude but workable reaper out on a hillside farm in Virginia.

That the manufacture of implements for tilling the soil was the first industry to be learned, and the last to be developed when millions of men through thousands of years spent all of their working hours in the sole occupation of getting enough food to keep themselves alive, is one of the paradoxes of human existence. But the development had occurred, and when the clicking blades severed the first strands of yellow wheat, they also severed the thongs which had bound the race and hunger together.

But two miles an hour was pretty

slow traveling into the West. Better methods of transportation were absolutely necessary in order to distribute the rising tide of Europeans coming from the land of the sickle and the wooden plough. Then besides, farming as a business and on a broader scale could not be possible unless there were some method for the cheap and rapid transportation of the surplus wheat eastward to the cities.

This growing demand for transportation was anticipated by Peter Cooper. While McCormick was solving the wheat question with his reaper, Cooper was solving the transportation problem with the abandoned tools of Stephenson. Peter Cooper built the first locomotive in the United States. It appeared simultaneously with the reaper. It weighed less than a ton, its boiler being about the size of a flour barrel and its flues made of gun barrels. It was the first application of steam to transportation in this country, and Cooper was highly elated because his engine could compete with horse cars and "prairie schooners."

THE CASCADE POWER DAM NEAR CASCADE CITY, B.C.
Is capable of an electric energy almost beyond computation and capable of vast development.

With the increasing perfection of the reaper it was found that six bushels of wheat could be raised with as little effort as was formerly taken to produce one, and that four hundred laborers and three hundred harvesters could cut more wheat than could be garnered by five thousand peasants by hand. If wheat is not gathered quickly when ripe, that is from four to ten days, it breaks down and decays. The bushels which lay rotting on the ground out in Indiana and Illinois for lack of ability to cut in time, were now diverted to hungry mouths. In twenty-eight years there were 50,000 reapers in the United States doing the work of 350,000 men. These men were absorbed by the growing factories,—the application of steam to mechanics in the manufacturing of necessities and luxuries for the people. So the reaper was saving $4,000,000 in wages and cramming the barns with 50,000,000 bushels of grain.

Peter Cooper's little flour barrel engine had developed into a 1,500 horsepower locomotive running on steel rails at the rate of fifty miles an hour across the continent. The reaper clicked its pioneer way across the prairie from Chicago to Seattle, and was faithfully followed by its co-worker of steam and wheels. The golden harvest was loaded on the never-tiring carrier and whirled back to the cities of the East, and across the ocean to Europe, the rising population of which disproved Malthus' dire predictions of race suicide because of lack of food.

And so, at the present day, it has come to pass that we, who would be otherwise growing wheat at twenty cents a pound loaf, are in the workshops and factories creating wealth at the

rate of sixteen billions a year, while the machinery, which is doing our work on the farm, cost $900,000,000, and produces food-stuffs to the annual value of $7,000,000,000.

Seward said that it was the reaper "that pushed the American frontier westward at the rate of thirty miles a year". In our own day it is the harvester, in conjunction with the great transcontinental railways, which is making possible the conquest of Canadian territory so vast that areas as large as several states have not as yet even been explored. The reaper led the railways in the days of Yankee conquest, but the stout-hearted men who backed their belief in the soil of the Canadian Last West with their hard cash, built their transcontinental railways across a wheatless prairie long discredited by the Hudson's Bay Company agents. They built in the knowledge that no great development could occur, and there would be no use for harvesters unless a means were first provided for the transportation of the golden harvest. The railway was the real pioneer which built and waited and struggled, until finally the tide of immigration came.

THE TWIN FALLS, NEAR FIELD, B.C.,
Is a western cataract that will develop power to operate factories, run cars and light streets in cities miles away.

It was started by the sons of the men who had settled the western States. With the inherited hunger for more and better land coursing in their blood, they came and saw and conquered. Few and straggling parties came, then more and more, until to-day there are three hundred thousand Yankee farmers in western Canada, and they have carried across the international boundary line with them the immense sum of two hundred million Yankee dollars. The prospect of work on this continent has regulated the ebb and flow of the alien tide across the Atlantic, but the almost obliteration of a formerly well-defined boundary line in this rush of the well-to-do conquerors of the soil is the result of the instinct to grasp opportunity when one sees it. Here was more and better land.

And so, less than three-quarters of a century ago in this country began the great jump, which is still in continuance and which has transferred us from the civilization of the sun worshippers of the East to the sun harnessers of the West. Did I say sun harnessers? Yes. You will remember that agriculture was pursued in Europe to "get a living," and then in the settling of the West "as a business." But out in the prairie provinces it is rising to the dignity of a science because the sons of the pioneers, many graduates of agricultural colleges, may be met with on every hand applying the principles of chemistry and of physics to the soil.

How the misconception was fostered by the agents of the Hudson's Bay Company that the northern boundary

of the United States marked in the West the most northerly limits in which wheat could be profitably grown, is a story all by itself.

During the period in which this misconception was fostered, and beginning with Faraday's discovery of the relation between magnetism and the electric current and the commercial production of electricity, a tremendous development was taking place in the railroad and the reaper, but the development of Faraday's discovery was too slow to be of any practical use. The street cars of the new cities of the West had to be drawn by horses because it was not practicable for each of them to carry a steam engine aboard. In those days the growing railroads were enabling people to transport *wheat* to the places where it was needed; Morse's telegraph was being perfected so that gradually people were enabled to transmit *thought* considerable distances; but years were to elapse before Faraday's discovery was sufficiently developed so that people could transmit *power* from the place where it was manufactured by the steam engine to the place of application. The power had to be used on the *spot where it was made*, and so the street cars were drawn by horses and the streets were lighted by oil and gas instead of electricity being made to do the work.

So the western States were developed and settled without that greatest of acquired human abilities,—the ability to transport power by wire or by the medium of the atmospheric ether. The system of electrical distribution had not arrived. It was not until 1883 that the first alternating current generators were installed for the purpose of electric lighting, and not until the World's Fair in Chicago, ten years later, that the country at last comprehended the possibilities of the transmission of power as applied to street cars, traction lines, lighting and factories. And it was not until ten years ago, with the first developments at Niagara Falls and the growing anxiety as to the scarcity of coal, that people saw a new vista open up before them, which stretched their imaginations to the limit. The harnessing of the great waterfalls of the continent, the power of which had been going to waste for untold centuries while the race attempted to wrest a living from nature by the sole energy of their own pigmy bodies, meant, as in the case of the reaper and the railroad, more food, more necessaries, more luxuries, more recreation and therefore, more time to *think*. Life on this continent had suddenly shifted to another foundation. It ceased to be a scramble for food because of the combination of science and mechanics, and this new ability to transmit power long distances acted like a lever to lift the burden of manual drudgery off the shoulders of the people.

And so, while people were still speaking of the Canadian West as a bleak country of ice and snow, the great jump of progress had acquired its greatest impetus. Then, suddenly, like the tales of gold from Alaska, came the reports of forty-bushel-to-the-acre wheat in the unknown province of Alberta, the centre of the Canadian West, and like the rush of adventurers to Alaska, so was the rush of farmers to this Last West. The one band was of visionary temperament, full of the lust for gold. The other, quiet and unassuming, building their hopes of larger and virgin wheat lands and still greater prosperity on cold facts and patient industry.

At the time of the Paris Exposition, in the Egyptian section of the British Museum, standing in a glass case between two mummified Pharaohs, were two sticks tied together with a leathern thong, a rustic sickle and a broken wooden plough and some tassels which once had hung from the horns of the oxen. They told the story of agriculture three thousand years ago on the banks of the Nile, and for practical purposes a similar story up to the time of the reaper in America.

Across the channel there were on exhibition thirty-seven different species of American agricultural machines. There was a mower to cut the grass; a tedder, to kick and scatter the new mown hay so that it would dry in the sun; a rake to garnish it together; a loader, to swing it on the wagon; a.

bailer to compress it into bundles; and a self-binder. There are three hundred parts to a horse rake, six hundred in a mower and three thousand eight hundred in a binder. In the United States are made annually 56,000,000 castings for farm machinery alone. So that it was practically the difference in farm implements which confronted the opening up of the western States and that of the Canadian provinces.

But the Canadian West has not only taken advantage of improved farm machinery. It is alive to the possibilities of the modern developments of power as well. For out there on the prairie and farther over in the Rockies, they have found coal and waterfalls to produce it. Vancouver has produced to date 25,000,000 tons of coal, and the province of British Columbia produced in 1909, 1,500,000 tons of coal and 300,000 tons of coke. At Vancouver are also developed some large water powers under high heads which supply the city of Vancouver and the surrounding district. One electric company alone has some 350,000 horsepower of electric energy available for distribution.

In considering the development of water power in British Columbia, it is worthy of notice that every river of importance on the Pacific coast rises on the watershed of British Columbia. The electric energy which may be derived from the drainage of its extensive area of mountains and highlands is so great and unexplored as to be beyond human comprehension or estimation at present. The Columbia, Fraser, Skeena, Stikine, Liard and Peace Rivers range in length from four hundred to a thousand miles, and are of great size and volume. The first four of these rivers are sufficiently navigable to also form valuable waterways for the development of the country and the growing trade with the Orient. In this farthest west province of the confederation, great manufacturing cities will spring up, due to the abundance of raw materials and the plentitude of coal and water power. It contains 300,000 square miles of country known to be extensively mineralized and still a virgin field for the prospector and investor.

The Rockies form the land of water-power. At Bennington Falls there is 15,000 horse-power developed and transmitted eighty miles, where it is used for smelting, mining and transportation. Coming east into the province of Alberta, we find the city of Edmonton with its coal fields and gas wells. Edmonton is destined to become a large manufacturing city because of the coal beds which are located on both banks of the Saskatchewan. Two mills are cutting 100,000 feet of lumber daily for the farmers locating on the large wheat fields to the east. Strathcona, situated at the gateway to the Mackenzie and Peace River basins, has an abundance of coal, timber and water-power. Here will be established factories ranging from the making of biscuits to machinery. Another prospective manufacturing town is Prince Albert, where extensive water-power is being developed. It is located four hundred miles to the east of Edmonton in the Saskatchewan country. Two hundred miles south of Edmonton is Calgary, where the City Council is about to make an appropriation for preliminary surveys and expert opinion as to the feasibility of municipal power development, while North Battleford on the main line of the Canadian Northern railway, between Edmonton and Winnipeg, is expending $100,000 on the installation of waterworks, sewage and electric lighting systems. These are illustrations of the push of the settlers in the towns and cities of the Last West.

From the Rockies east across the, prairie to Winnipeg, is a thousand miles. Here the great Winnipeg River, starting from Minnesota and Ontario and flowing into Lake Winnipeg, furnishes within easy transmission distance of the city a half-a-million horse-power, which is yet to be developed. The citizens of Winnipeg have already expended $3,250,000 in building themselves a municipal power plant with a capacity of 60,000 horse-power to draw industries to their city. Free grants of land can still be obtained of the Govern-

ment by bona fide settlers in the northern part of this region, where farms are yielding thirty-five bushels of wheat to the acre.

Three hundred miles farther south and east is Fort William, dividing honors with Port Arthur, a few miles distant, as strategic points to which the golden flood of grain from Manitoba and the Northwest territory converges. Fort William has the finest harbor on the Great Lakes, in which the largest ocean-going steamships can ride. Here are located three great elevators, built by the Canadian Pacific Railway,. which total 6,000,000 bushels capacity, and here the now-building Grand Trunk Pacific will expend $4,000,000 for terminal facilities. But the most significant thing about Fort William, aside from the fact that it is a natural railroad terminal and a steamship port, is, that only thirty miles away on the Kamanistiquia River, is Kakabeka Falls. This Falls has the tremendous drop of over a hundred feet and is about one hundred and thirty feet wide. It is now being harnessed to the extent of thirty thousand horse-power, but when fully developed will furnish all the power needed in that vicinity for a radius of a hundred miles. Fort William is also situated in the heart of the Superior iron district, which will be a great factor in its manufacturing and commercial growth in the future. When Lord Strathcona's prophecy that in ten years Canada will be able to furnish all the grain needed by Great Britain comes true, the wonderful growth of Fort William will be noted in the histories and geographies of the times.

The manufactures of England are sure to be crippled in the future because of the absence of water-power and the lack of coal. When that time comes and the demand has become great from the fertile acres of the Last West for more machinery and manufactured articles, then three hundred miles to the south and east of Fort William, at the end of Lake Superior and across the Long Sault, an immense dam will be constructed. A highway will be provided for sea-going vessels by means of canals, and as no limit will be set upon the amount of water that may be used as at Niagara, there will be develoed at this point 700,000 horse-power eclipsing Niagara. From here the power will be distributed which will operate factories, run cars and light streets and homes in cities miles away.

So these are the forces which are at work out there in the Last West, and which make possible the growth, transportation and sale of 100,000,000 bushels of wheat grown in twelve months from the occupation of 5,000,000 acres of land. The present knowledge of man of how to harness the forces of nature to his own uses has brought this result. The onrush of 80,000 American farmers last year of the advance guard which is occupying 5,000,000 of the 175,000,000 acres which are to be cultivated, and these led by the great transcontinentals with their locomotives of 2,000 horse-power capacity and followed by the telegraph, the newspaper, the telephone and the wireless telegraph, is one of the most dramatic events of modern times. The advances of science appear so gradually and quietly that they do not hit the imagination unless a new country is suddenly attacked by all the modern implements of civilization. Then people sit up and take notice in the same manner in which they did when the wireless telegraph saved 1,600 passengers on the sinking White Star liner, "Republic".

And so, out there in the Last West, they are actually *harnessing the sun.* For, when the white blanket of snow which covers and protects the wheat in winter, is pulled up as water and let down on the highlands by the sun, they have devised methods of harnessing and transmitting the power. Cities are being lighted and cars run and factories operated by the snows from the mountain tops hundreds of miles away. The carbonized vegetation, which derived its power from the sun is being dug up and used in engines of skilful construction. Out on the prairie the farmer is *growing* power to use in his farm machinery, and in this manner harnessing the sun. He is manufacturing alcohol at ten cents per gallon by distilling potatoes, and in order to supply him and his Yankee

brother, 2,500 men in one town alone are making one hundred alcohol and gasoline engines a day. Four-fifths of the work on the farm is now being done by machinery, and the machinery is being directed by the growing scientific knowledge.

It was Sir John Herschel and M. Poulett who accurately computed that the whole heat emitted by the sun in one minute would be competent to boil 12,000 million cubic miles of ice cold water of which heat the earth receives enough to boil one million cubic miles; it was Liebig, the great chemist, who announced that "the soil is alive," and it was Charles Deering who looked into the future and saw the power which drives the factory extended to the wheat field. Thus was the union of science and mechanics. The intelligent farmers from the States out there in nature's laboratory realize that the same elements which redden their own cheeks and paint the colors of the landscape, are contained in one pinch of their farm soil; that the same farm produce from which they feed themselves and the rest of the race, and from which they make power and earn dollars, contain the elements which keep them warm in winter; that the same elements which furnish muscle to work with and brain to think with are in the soil which grows wheat. They know that a chemist can find out exactly the kind of crop which will give the best harvest if they send him a cup full of the dirt taken from different parts of the farm.

Aside from mere forms of government, the owning by each man of acres of land, makes for real democracy, and this new conception of the universal workings of nature—that the same elements in the soil and the same rays of the sun which grow wheat and make power, also grow men—this makes for real brotherhood.

Should not there be great expectations then of that new nation, which is springing from the soil of the Last West, and becoming the great granary of the world?

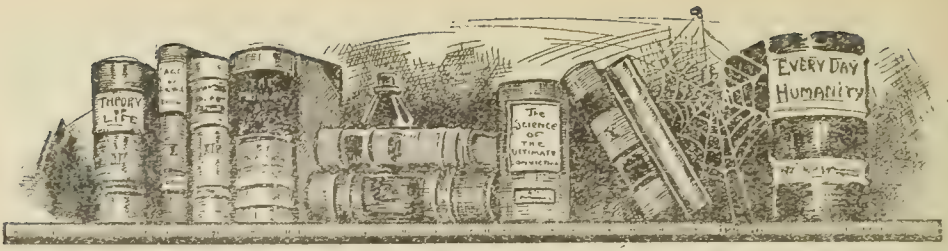
MORNING

BY S. E. KISER

PINK petals drifted o'er the lawn,
Sweet scents of blossoms filled the air;
The curtains from the deeps were drawn,
The day was waking, glad and fair.

The lambs, from night's dark terrors free,
Went skipping on the dewy slope;
Among the blossoms on the tree
A robin sang of love and hope.

A golden sunbeam found its way
Across the happy world, to rest
Upon a dead child's curls, that lay
Against a sobbing mother's breast.



The LEARNING of Mr. FRALELLE

BY ARTHUR HAWKES

DRAWINGS BY C.O.LONGABAUGH

THE Reverend Mr. Fralelle was too good for Redwood, some folks said. He was a very intellectual man, and should have had a city pulpit. He had won prizes in oratorical contests before he chose the ministry for a calling. He could discourse of philosophy as well as of inspiration. He was as comprehensive on evolution as he was on the Westminster catechism. It was sometimes hinted that he was a greater divine than those who helped write the confession. A debating society might have been formed in Redwood but for the belief that the young people were not clever enough to discuss public questions and abstruse propositions in his presence. His elders liked him; but never thoroughly enjoyed his company.

He was tall and dark. His hair was never short and never long. He was as sincere and as humble as a young man of twenty-six can be. He detected no serious flaw in his ministry. Neither did anybody else. Old Henry James, who was sometimes profane and always shrewd, said he would like to hear the minister preach from the text, "Perfect through suffering." Asked why, old Henry answered that it would just show how far book learning would go.

Mr. Fralelle was always affable to everybody in town. He was especially gracious to visitors from eastern centres of enlightenment. He liked to exchange ideas with other intellectual people, and had kept up a correspondence with two or three transients,—one a doctor from Hamilton, and another a lady who had written two books, and was understood to have refused to marry a member of Parliament. He subscribed to "The Outlook" and "The Literary Digest," and kept in touch with the best religious thought and publishing gossip of Great Britain through "The British Weekly." For "The Presbyterian" he had a mild regard. It was taken by two of his elders, and by Baldwin, Superintendent of the Sabbath School.

Certain manuscripts in his study were not meant for pulpit use. They were intended for publication when he should have achieved the commendation of some yet undiscovered confidant of literary standing. Mr. Fralelle was much too intellectual a man to run lightly into the danger of receiving editors' regrets. Besides, the more he improved the quality of his spoken word, the more likely was he to acquire a written style, which, when he was ready for the adventure would carry him eminently into the best literary company.

He nourished a secret grievance against the fate that had sent him to a town that was neither large, nor largely intellectual. But he made the best of his opportunities, and felt that he was in the way of mercy when he heard that Mr. Bassett Anderson was coming to town to spend a few days with his relative, Jake Anderson.

Mr. Fralelle's knowledge of Jake was not extensive; for Jake had only been in Redwood about six weeks. He understood that many years before Jake had come from England, had homesteaded across Scissors Creek; had run an inglorious course as a ploughman; had then become the first

town clerk of Redwood; had left the town with his family, and had returned after losing his wife and quarrelling with his sons. Jake was well known to old-timers, but Mr. Fralelle was not a ready consumer of gossip. He was devoted to study, to oratory, and, in the day dreams that come to the elect, to anticipating recognition by the *illuminati*.

He saw in the *Free Press* that Mr. Bassett Anderson had reached Winnipeg on a tour of the West for the *London Morning Mail*, and had been interviewed in the generous way that is characteristic of Winnipeg journalism. Mr. Anderson had been a war correspondent; he was a leading contributor to the best magazines, on social and political topics; and had thrown up the editorship of one daily paper because of what he called "the large and important drudgery of the office," and had resumed the free journeying contact with the world which the prisoner of the desk is denied.

The interviewer had said he supposed the famous journalist had not been in western Canada before; and was answered that he had, many years ago. Beyond learning that Mr. Bassett Anderson would spend a few days with his brother at Redwood, the reporter had not followed up the subject.

The *Free Press* story led Mr. Fralelle to talk with Jake Anderson.

Yes, Jake was expecting his brother, whom he had not seen since he had gone into the newspaper business. But he had kept in touch with him, and was glad the younker had made good. Bassett was always a curious kind of kid in the old days,—able to take care of himself, and you never knew what he was going to say or do next. He was always reading, and at fourteen was called the family dictionary.

Mr. Fralelle observed that he would be glad to meet him when he came, and would like to drive him to see some of the most interesting people in Redwood.

"Sure," said Jake, "and perhaps he'll have his own ideas about the most interesting people around Redwood."

Mr. Bassett Anderson came on the Saturday train,—a big, fleshy man in the prime of life. He was ahead of his wire. There was nobody to meet him, and he found his way to Jake, at Mrs. Mawhinney's. He didn't look like a literary man. His accent was domestic enough for Scissors Creek. His clothes would excite no remark in Redwood. He was prosperous looking; without suggestion of superiority.

What he said to Jake and what Jake said to him is of no consequence here. At first Jake was a little shy of the big fellow who used to run errands for him, and who carried with him, for all his everyday aspect, the indefinable authoritative atmosphere of the travelled man of affairs, which, without conscious exertion, makes itself understood. Jake knew, in a general way, where Bass had been, and the sort of company he had kept. At intervals there had come to him half-crown periodicals with long articles by young Bass—the sort of thing that was widely noticed in the daily papers. He remembered in particular one on "The Poor Relation in South Africa." Jake read it with nervous gratification because it was done by one of the family. He went over it again, and finally said to himself that it told him more about the nigger and the white man's burden than he had ever dreamed of. The thing was the more fixed in his mind because, by a rare chance, a Yankee drummer had left in Carnvale, where Jake was then living with his luckless spouse, a *New York Evening Post* containing an editorial full of praise for "The Poor Relation."

But Jake was soon at his ease. His brother had not come to the West to talk about literature or political personages of an old world. He didn't say he wanted to renew his youth, but began to inquire about western things that made plenty of talk; things that Jake had all but forgotten. How long did old George Bygar live in his shack? Was the hay around Square Lake as good as ever? Had Jim Saunders quit swearing on the rink? It was as if Bass had never been away from Redwood. And not one person in fifteen knew he had ever been there.

Least of all Mr. Fralelle, who met the Andersons just before sundown, as they

came out of Marshallsay's store, and to whom "my brother Bass" was properly introduced. Mr. Fralelle was delighted,—and a little disappointed. There was nothing smart, æsthetic or special about this heavy, well-to-do, farmer-looking man. But he soon dropped a remark that Mr. Fralelle many times turned over before the next Saturday came.

"I hope you'll like Redwood, Mr. Anderson," said the minister. "I'm afraid there's very little for a stranger to see."

"Have you been here very long?" asked the visitor.

"About eighteen months."

"Young Bass" looked at the divine with an eye that had been worth more to him than even he was aware of,—it was clear and straight and so steady that, though it didn't seem to be searching, it went, as was said by those who knew it well, to the back of the head at which it was looking,—it was candid and produced candour. He said:

"Quite a long time, isn't it? You'll get to know Redwood after awhile."

Mr. Fralelle's feeling of disappointment slipped away before another that there was no time to analyze. He knew it was a very unusual remark for a stranger to make, but before he could speak, Jake created a diversion.

"Going to Scissors Creek to-morrow?" he asked the minister.

"Yes," said Mr. Fralelle, "for the afternoon."

"I guess Bass would like to go along. What do you say, Bass?" and Jake turned towards his brother.

"If Mr. Fralelle will have me," was the answer, "I'd like to go immensely."

"Why, I'd be more than pleased. I'd be honored," replied the minister, with glad enthusiasm. "Though I can't promise you very much at Scissors Creek."

So it was arranged, and Mr. Fralelle went home to give the morning sermon an extra revision, on the chance of having a competent judge at the service.

Mr. Bassett Anderson and Jake were in the congregation, and the preacher was gratified to observe the attentiveness of the big man. The subject was, "The Development of Spiritual Culture," and the fundamental proposition of the discourse was that the Lord's anointed should nourish themselves on the best thoughts of those who had absorbed most of the lessons of history and literature, the great handmaids of Biblical teaching.

The minister had an after-service word with Mr. Bassett Anderson whom he found talking outside the porch in quite a friendly way with old Mrs. Carr, whose husband had been killed by the collapse of the first brick house built in that section of the country, and then hurried off to feed his horse for the trip to Scissors Creek at one-thirty.

The horse was hitched before one-thirty, Mr. Fralelle did not like his distinguished guest to find him in the stable. Mr. Bassett Anderson was punctual; and the drive by the north trail began auspiciously. The minister asked whether South African country was at all like Saskatchewan. It was a fine subject to open up; for Mr. Bassett Anderson was always communicative about the lands under the Southern Cross. The veldt, he said, was like the prairie, and it wasn't. There were the same vast, open areas, a similar grandeur in the air, when the sunshine was not sultry, the same fascination where the uninitiated would only look for monotony.

But there was a subtle cruelty about the aspect of South Africa, which you could not exactly define, and could not mistake. It might be due to the difference between the original barbarisms of the Kaffir and of the Indian. There was something splendid and romantic about the Redskin, even in his most dangerous periods. The Kaffir was either pitifully weak, or disgustingly ferocious. That was only a fleeting impression, said Mr. Bassett Anderson; for he had no time really to study the native problem in Africa. But it was true that the Indian was a diminishing quantity in the West; was incapable of uprising, and perhaps the distance of his lordly past lent a deceptive glamor to his history. You talked of the "noble red man," but you never alluded to the "noble black."

Perhaps, though, the proximity of the residues of the war had given to South Africa its strange, subtle, undertone of woe. One who knew the prairie country was alive to the need of live people of that perpetual sermon preached by wide expanses of slumbering fertility. Blockhouses; grave-marked sites of concentration camps; wire fences, strung with condensed milk cans intended to give warning of Boers crossing the road by night;—these seemed utter negations of settlement in an apparently empty country. Whatever the causes, the visible effects of war were bad; and as to the things the cursory traveller did not see—well, South Africa was full of hope; and when the Boers came to responsibility again, all would be well, if a few foolish fellows in office could keep tongues from rattling in empty heads.

All this, and much more talk about the Dutch Generals, Botha, Dewet, Smuts and Hertzog, whom Mr. Bassett Anderson had met in Bloemfontein or Pretoria, delighted the minister. His companion had the blessed gift of illuminating whatever he talked of. The minister saw South Africa and felt it move; the more so as the man by his side seemed unconscious that he was saying anything in particular,—he was just lifting a few photographs out of the chambers of an ample mind, and telling simply, how they got there.

Five miles out they approached a flourishing farmstead that lay a couple of hundred yards off the trail. Mr. Bassett Anderson asked whose it was.

"MacLean's," was the answer.

"Big John's?" said Mr. Bassett Anderson.

"Yes," said the minister. "Why, have you heard of him already?"

"Oh, certainly, I have heard of him —a tall fellow, with a big moustache?"

"No, a beard."

"I see. The fashion changes with John."

"It does; and beards are events in this Redwood country."

"Big John's courting was quite remarkable, wasn't it?" said Mr. Bassett Anderson.

"I never heard of it," answered Mr. Fralelle. "Can you tell me anything about it? —and he marvelled at the speed with which this stranger to Redwood picked up information about people. He supposed it was a sort of sixth sense that special correspondents acquired, and suggested as much to Mr. Bassett Anderson, who said there was nothing remarkable about his knowledge of Big John and his wife.

They did not talk further on this subject, for they were opposite the house, and Mrs. Big John, her daughter and boy drove on to the trail, just ahead of them. The minister lifted his hat. The stranger lifted his also, and furnished no more conversation. He was all eyes for the lay of the land. The minister said nothing either, preferring to think of the impending sermon, and its effect on the one prospective hearer who would fully appreciate its lights and shades, and subtle harmonies.

The MacLeans had the faster horse, and Mrs. MacLean and her daughter were inside the schoolhouse when the minister drove up. Mr. Bassett Anderson went inside, while the minister disposed of his mare.

When Mr. Fralelle reached the desk, and looked around for the customary precentor,—a tremulous little person in a foolish little bonnet, brought from England, six years before,—he observed curiously that Mr. Bassett Anderson was behind Mrs. MacLean, leaning on the back of her bench, talking with her. She was red in the face, seemed pleased, but as obviously excited as if she were superintending a wedding. Mr. Fralelle, exercising the intuition that rightly belongs to the pulpit, divined that Mr. Anderson must have learned something about the lady from her people in Scotland—which would explain his allusion to the country of Big John.

But there was no time to speculate about the antecedents of individuals in the congregation. The service was begun, and continued to a fitting close. The day was hot, and there was a tendency to slumber in the air. During the sermon, it conquered some worshippers, who did not realize until half the day of rest had gone how hard they had worked for six long days. The

text was, "And He spake a parable unto them." The subject was set forth in the manuscript as "The place of parabolic teaching in the development of religious consciousness." It would have been an excellent contribution to the Homiletic Review. Though some did not follow the argument, it was listened to intently by Mr. Bassett Anderson, which compensated the preacher for much preparatory toil.

The minister could not observe his guest when he himself went to the shed for the mare, or he would have learned that Mr. Bassett Anderson was not like a stranger to Scissors Creek schoolhouse. He spoke to Jabez Smith, who was unfeignedly glad to see so distinguished a visitor; and to Wilmer Blett and his old maid sister, who were also glad, but were too shy to say so. Mrs. MacLean beamed, but hurried off, as she explained, to get tea. "You'll be sure to come, Bass," she said as she drove off. And Bass said that he surely would, and she needn't tell John he was coming.

The minister's mare had put a forefoot through a loosely-hanging line, and got pretty well tangled up while he was dealing with parables, so that while she was being straightened out, most of the folks got away. Mr. Bassett Anderson went down to him, and by the time they had hitched up, everybody else had gone.

The mare pounded along the trail to Redwood faster than she came. Mr. Bassett Anderson remarked on her quickened speed.

"Yes," said Mr. Fralelle, "she's always like that—glad to be through with Scissors Creek." Then, after a long pause, "I sometimes wonder how far the inferior mentality is influenced by a human intellect. Do you know, it often seems to me that my mare reflects my own mood."

"You are glad to be through with Scissors Creek, too?"

"Indeed, to be candid, I am. What is there about Scissors Creek that I should want to stay there?"

"You mean the people?"

"Exactly, you have touched the spot."

"But they are very interesting, are they not?"

"Oh, yes in a way. I respect them and all that. And I do the best I can for them; and I think they try to be appreciative."

"Do you try to be appreciative?"

"I? Why, yes, I think so. I try to be all sorts of things. But there is so much in environment that Scissors Creek doesn't appeal strongly to me."

"And why shouldn't it? Your work is here."

"Yes, I know. If I may say so, you are in a new set of circumstances, and scarcely appreciate what it is to be living in the prairie country, so close to the pioneer all the time that you are impelled to think of other places and other conditions. Did you notice how sleepy some of the people were this afternoon? If you hadn't been there I might have cut the service short. But I saw that I had one good listener and struggled on."

"That was generous of you," said Mr. Bassett Anderson. "But why not be happy with your people. Is it so hard to make the most of them?"

The minister had been on the edge of an outbreak of discontent, and now yielded to his impulse. He said he had read and thought, and thought and read to keep abreast of modern intellectual movements. He had tried to give the people the best that was in him and in the minds to which he alone in all this neighborhood had access. He hated to say it, but it was a thankless job trying to preach down to the quality of Scissors Creek. They didn't understand him, and, what was worse, they couldn't understand him if they tried. He wished for a city congregation, and cultivation, and breadth of outlook.

"Breadth of outlook? What is that?" asked the listener, when Mr. Fralelle was through with his outburst.

"You know what it is better than I," answered the minister. "You must live with it all the time. I envy you, and you don't seem to realize my point of view."

"That's just what I am trying to do," was the answer; "and I wouldn't force

my point of view on you. For what it is worth, though, I should say that breadth of outlook consists largely of the capacity to see the possibilities of things where the average man sees only things, and very few things, too. If I am as inexperienced in life in Saskatchewan as you suppose, does it alter the basis of your position in this community? You are not married to it, but your relationship isn't so very different from the marriage relationship."

The minister smiled incredulously.

"You smile," went on the traveller, "but when you've been married as long as I have, you'll know that the salvation of a woman's happiness is not so much the many fine qualities of her husband, as her capacity to make the most of his few good characteristics. After awhile, he finds that out, and he knows he is more in debt to his wife and more in love with her than ever. But you are not in love with the congregation at Scissors Creek, and you don't want to be. I doubt if you try to sympathize with it. You think that your permanent success will be founded on what you have received and will receive from books and bookmen. Isn't that so?"

"Well, perhaps it is; but I don't see how you should know."

"Oh," replied Mr. Bassett Anderson, "a man who brings quotations to the desk at Scissors Creek tells all sorts of things about himself. I would not presume to advise you; but I would suggest that while you make the most of everything that your books can tell you, don't forget that the greatest of all instructors is the book of life; and that the pages in it which wear the least inviting aspect are often fullest of instruction. If——"

The minister broke in—"I think I appreciate that; but possibly you will admit that a man of your reputation and experience does not have to hunt for light on the dullest pages of the book of life."

The man of experience and reputation laughed ruminatively before answering. "Admit the experience and reputation, if you like, but such reputation as I have is not built on meeting with famous people, or handling important subjects. It has grown out of the things I found out in long days of drudgery among inconsequential people. The school of journalism that I passed through was no joke and no rosebed. The road before I reached journalism wasn't very easy, either. If I began to tell stories of those times you would soon become tired."

"I don't think I should," said the minister. "But, tell me, what shall I do to reach your ideal of the minister of Scissors Creek?"

There was veiled sarcasm in the question. Mr. Bassett Anderson noticed it, and enjoyed it, for it showed that there was challenging blood in the pastor. But his reply was not in kind: "Heaven save me from advising the clergy; but, suppose you put yourself in the place of a hard-working farmer, of scanty education and narrow outlook, who has come here because he was ambitious for independence, and is not afraid to suffer in achieving it; and then suppose you discovered, painfully, and a little at a time, an intellectual and spiritual world that changed the face of life, including your ambition; and then, suppose you found you had an unsuspected power of imparting your new discoveries to your neighbors, and that they would join you in the search for more. Now, if you could get into that atmosphere, wouldn't you come to learn all kinds of things from life on the farm? You would find out that trying to reach the farm from beyond its own point of view is only a second-rate job? The idea of understanding the farmer on his own ground has at least the attribute of human sympathy. That is more than half the success. And there are other possibilities."

Mr. Fralelle knew there was a whole lot of truth in this, but he didn't like the notion that a stranger, and an English stranger too, should teach him his own high vocation. So he answered, somewhat bitterly:

"I am obliged for the suggestion. There isn't a man between here and Prince Albert that could put it that way. But here, you know, our dominant possibilities are all of wheat and cattle, and now and then a sordid

election. It is very hard to get these people to care about anything else."

"And how much do you look for anything else?" said Mr. Bassett Anderson, in a tone that was new to the minister. Instead of the note of friendly counsel that became a mature man talking to his junior, it had a sort of menacing challenge in it; a warning of some judgment to come. It was a sudden change from respectful suggestion to that kind of assertion that a great cross-examiner in the law exhibits when, having amiably led a hostile witness through his story, he begins the destruction of his testimony. The minister, surprised and unsuspecting, asked: "And what would you look for?"

"I would say to myself, every time I went to Scissors Creek: 'It is very likely that in this congregation there is a youngster who has ten times more native capacity than I have, and who doesn't know of his powers. I'll preach for that sort of hearer, and maybe I can help them all.' If I did that, Mr. Fralelle, I think I should succeed."

"Perhaps you might," conceded the minister, "but pardon me for saying it again, you don't know the conditions; and it's all very well for you, who travel over half the world, and meet brainy people all the time, to set up a standard of that kind. I'm afraid it would not work long."

Mr. Bassett Anderson merely replied: "I know what I am talking about."

The minister said: "But, my dear sir, how can you? The Englishman who comes new——"

He didn't finish the sentence. Mr. Bassett Anderson broke in: "My good man, are you deaf and blind, as well as puffed up in your own conceit? Must I tell you in so many words that I've been along with the boys at Scissors Creek?"

Still the minister was blind and deaf.

"Yes," he admitted, "but what can they have told you?"

The layman broke the bounds of courtesy. "Are you only fooling, or are you a confirmed fool?" he taunted. "Didn't you see, when I mentioned Big John's courtship this afternoon, that I knew more about your people than you do? You seem to think that I have a broader outlook than most people. Maybe I have. I got some of it at Scissors Creek, more than twenty years ago. When you were learning your alphabet I was working for that brother of mine, and sometimes coming to Scissors Creek on Sundays to see old man Lewison. Jake wouldn't tell you about that for very good reasons. Lewison died fifteen years ago, and his widow and son went back to Ontario.

"The MacLeans I know chiefly because I helped to cut their crop one year. Jake bought a binder in partnership with a neighbor. The binder was worked double shift. I was young and small; and we made two teams each of two oxen and one horse. We put the horse next the grain. I rode him so that I could whip the oxen along. We changed every two hours and worked from daylight to dark. I have a scar just above my right ankle where I was crushed between the horse and the tongue of the binder. That happened one afternoon when we were at MacLean's, and Mrs. MacLean fixed up the wound as if she had been a hospital nurse. That night, Mary MacLean was born—the girl that was with her mother to-day—and for two days her mother was nearly dead. That was when I heard Big John's love story. And you think I don't anything about life in this country; and what sort of ministry would be a success?"

Mr. Bassett Anderson paused, but the minister said nothing. The revelation of this stranger's experience was so sudden, so hot and so complete that he was astonished into gaping silence. His companion went on: "Excuse my vehemence, for it is quite harmless. And if you don't mind I'll finish the chapter. You didn't suspect I was an old prairie farmer, did you?"

"Indeed, no," was all the minister could say. So the old prairie farmer, softened into a more becoming geniality, dropped into reminiscence:

"Bless my soul, what I don't know about making a farm on the prairie, except getting rich at it, you could put in a peroration. I left Jake, and went down to Brandon. I used to go to church there, too; and listened to

preachers, some of whom were better, and some were worse than the Scissors Creek kind. While I was working for Dan McMillan, a Presbyterian pastor, who was as prosy as a mowing machine, used to stay at the house from Saturday to Monday, about once a month. I had been to a first-rate school in England, where they told me I wrote essays like an editor, and used to read everything that came my way. It wasn't much, but in the Valley of the Assiniboine I knew more of what went on in the world than the parson whose horse I fed. He treated me with an indifference which I foolishly thought was contempt. I'm sore at him to this day. I believe he's in New Brunswick now, superannuated; and, perhaps, if I went to see him and there was a paragraph beforehand in the local paper, he would treat me with deep respect.

"I met old Henry James, the Forty-Niner, on the street yesterday, and told him who I was, and where I had first seen him. It was in his house, when I was hunting three steers that had got away from Jake's place. I was shy, and when Mrs. James asked me to eat and drink at ten o'clock in the morning, I declined. Old Henry—he seemed as old as the hills then, and his boys did most of the work—heard my refusal. 'Fill your belly, boy, fill your belly,' he roared. 'You don't know where you'll be at dinner time.'

"I filled, and went on my way. I have told that story in fifty places, because it belongs to the very genius of hospitality. To-morrow I'm going out there to thank the old lady for her milk and hot cakes."

"When I reminded old Henry of it yesterday, he said: 'Well, I'm damned; and you're the little boy that came looking for steers. It beats hell, don't it? Why, I remember it as if it was only yesterday. An' you come back that fall and stayed a night with us. You was looking for horses that time, do you mind? I recollect that visit, because you asked such damned original questions. Well, well, and so you're the little boy. It fair beats hell, don't it?' Do they talk to you that way, Mr. Fralelle? And do the boys around the farms ask you original questions?"

There was only playful mischief in these inquiries, but the minister felt like a toad under a harrow. If he said anything he would probably have the scarrifier put over him again. He was glad his guest, without waiting for an answer, spoke again.

"I forgot to tell you," he said, "that I promised to have tea with the MacLeans, and I daresay Big John or Mary will drive me into town later. To-morrow, I'll come and ask your forgiveness for making too strenuous a discourse. I ought to have told you at the first, that I was an old-timer here. I was vain enough to suppose you knew."

"I wish I were going to MacLean's too," said Mr. Fralelle, recovered from his temporary scare; and brightening under the geniality of Mr. Bassett Anderson, "or that you would preach for me to-night. To-morrow I shall try to ask you some original questions, if I may."

Anderson laughed. "My dear fellow!" he said, "will you come with me to see Mrs. James, and old Henry? They'll give us a good time."

He looked ahead and saw the MacLean's farm. The gate was occupied by a man who, as soon as he saw the minister's rig, stood straight up and raised his hand on high.

"Big John," said Mr. Bassett Anderson, "used to raise his arm that way when the oxen wouldn't respect his word. I suppose his wife couldn't help telling him I was coming along. Perhaps he wants to remind me of something."

They drove up to Big John. He was so glad that all he could say was: "Well, well, and is that you, Bass?"

Bass said it was.

"My," John went on, "but you wouldn't be able to drive the binder in the old way. Come on in. Jennet's ready for you, and Airchie's there, and Mary says she's going to drive you round after supper. By gorry, I think we'll all go and take the wagon."

"Or the binder," said Bass.

"Yes, or the binder," laughed Big

John. "Mr. Fralelle, you'll excuse me not noticing you; but I've seen this fellow driving cattle when he was a kid; and he told us funny stories, boy that he was, and he was here the night that Mary was born, and well I mind the time, and we've often talked about him, and how he was doing over in the Old Country. So you'll excuse me not seeing you the night. Come now, get out of this buggy, and let's have a look at you, standing up. Come out of that."

So Bass got out, and when the minister looked back a minute later he saw, as the two walked towards the house, the eminent journalist put his arm through that of the Scotsman, who, it seemed, had come through a romantic courtship.

BOB-SLEDDIN' ON TH' SNOW

BY E. LAURENCE LEE

DID ye ever go a sleddin',
Bob-sleddin' on th' snow,
When th' winter sky's a reddin',
With th' sun's last golden glow,
With a gal a settin' by yer side,
Wrapped in a buffler robe,
An' you a wishin' that th' ride,
Would last clean 'round th' globe.

A sleddin' to th' jingle,
O' th' laughin' merry bells,
Jist a glowin' with th' tingle,
Of th' tale of love they tell.
While th' girl you love is leanin',
Kinder leanin' on yer breast,
A lean that has th' meanin'
Of, "I like you the best."

We 'uz sleddin' thro' th' timber,
When I ginn my gal a squeeze,
An' I felt her kinder shiver,
I 'uz scart 'at she might freeze,
But her face it tuck to reddin',
When I whispered, "Will ye, Bess?"
Oh, there's nawthin' like bob-sleddin',
To win a gal's sweet "Yes."

The Tale Of A Cat

· By Currie Love ·

ILLUSTRATED BY M. B. ALESHIRE

THE office was clouded and suffocating with the fumes of foreign substances and deleterious ingredients. The head bookkeeper and his anæmic assistant were smoking what they thought was tobacco in their pipes, and the stenographer, who knew nothing of the world, was heavy and dull, and thinking about seeing a doctor.

Into this brutal atmosphere, unaware and uncaring, broke the drummer, just off the road.

"Hi there, get off the garbage wagon!" was his greeting. "Open the windows while I open the doors." And he was all over the place like three boys killing two snakes, until the air was clear.

"'At's better," said he. "Have some real tobacco"—tossing cigars from a bulging pocket. "Won 'em from a gazoob actor that got 'em from a fool friend in Vancouver. And didn't I have the shiny time this trip!"

"Here," to the stenographer. "I've brought you a ream of bicolate chox. I mean a lick of bockolate cheams. No, no—O, here they are. Eat 'em. A nose by any other smell would name as sweet. Shakspere. I'm hep to good old Bill Shaks. His alias is Ibid or Ditto. Saw that in a book of quotations. O, no, dispute it not. Me and Shaks say all the bright ones. Got Dooley backed off the big rug and feeling for his feet.

"Ever see the Apache dance?" he asked suddenly. "Catch hold. I'll show you. Get a half Nelson on me," as he grabbed her, and started to whirl. "Get a half Nelson on me, and then look out."

BRIGHT AS A DOLLAR AND SWEET AS A ROSE

The stenographer disengaged herself indignantly and the assistant bookkeeper made a move forward as if about to fall upon the drummer and choke him, but that gentleman never even noticed.

He chortled on. "Gee, but I had the fine and dandy trip. The time of my life, I tell you. Traveled from Vancouver to Winnipeg with a troupe of burlesquers, and you

"GET A HALF NELSON ON ME AND THEN LOOK OUT."

can bet there were happenings every minute. There was one fairy that I fell for from the first. She was one of those little dolly dumpling sort, round and rosy, with big brown eyes and crinkly brown hair. She was bright as a dollar, and sweet as a rose, and I said: 'You can have me, Babe,' the minute my gleaming eyes caught sight of her.

"She didn't seem to be hurting herself with any mad attempts to get away, at that, and things were looking very comfy, thank you, when one of the men in the show butted in.

"I think he was stuck on 'Baby' himself and didn't care about her being exposed to my glittering fascinations. D' you get me?"

"Humph!" grunted the assistant bookkeeper.

The drummer looked at him, inquiring in his most *suavissimus* tone, "Did you speak?"

The assistant bookkeeper, who had reasons of his own for disliking the drummer, got up and left the room, whereat our fat friend—did I mention that he is fat?—wore the grin of the cat that has just absorbed one mouse.

Then he went on joyously: "Her stage lover didn't get much chance while I was on the job, though. Baby and I were certainly making the running, and everything wore that bright pink shade to me. I could see lights and hear music, and I wasn't drunk, either.

"The kid was on the level, allright. It was her first season with the troupers and she hadn't learned to smoke or drink or get off much of the patter. She didn't tell me how many fellahs she had waitin' at the stage door every

night to take her out to supper; she didn't ask me to give her a pickle nor did she even murmur, 'Say, kiddo, I'm awful dry'.

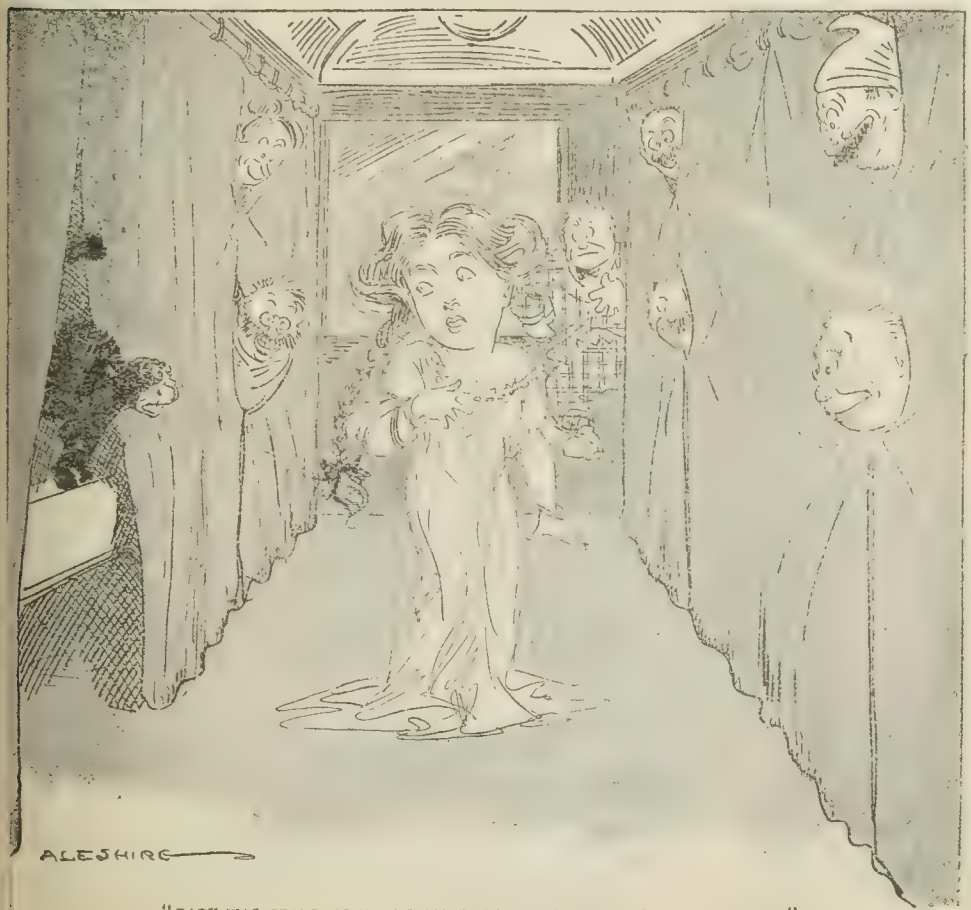
"Gee, it made me kind of sick to see her with that bunch of clowns and columbines. I kind of wanted to take her away from it all, but you can't take all the nice girls you meet out of their punk jobs.

"One of the other girls was jealous of Baby. I hate to talk about myself, but honest, I *am* a heartbreaker. There's no use talking. The dear girls all fall for me! Captives to my spow and beer—I mean, my bee and spoor—no, my—oh, let it go at that. I'm a killer, anyway."

"Aw, cut it," growled the head bookkeeper. "If there's a story to this, throw it into us—put it over us—come across with it—cough it up—let's have it done with. But e-liminate those parts about your self-discovered though not fatal beauty. One of these days you'll suffocate in an effusion of your own pulchritude. A-hem!"

"Say!" gasped the astonished drummer. "Say! You've got me out on the end of a limb, and dangling. Where did you swipe that line of dope? Have you got enlargement of the throat? How did that word get past your Adam's apple? Pulchritude—pul—wowh! That never came out of any little thin book. My, my! Try some powdered alum.

"Well, the other girl was sore on Baby, and she waded in to start things. She had found out somehow that Baby was scared of cats. It sounds silly, but you know some people just can't stand



"BABY WAS STANDING IN THE AISLE LETTING OUT SHRIEK AFTER SHRIEK."

for a cat. I had a sister that way and I'll never forget, when we were kiddies, I thought I'd cure her, and I put a cat on her shoulder. She was sick for two days—nervous hysterics, the doctor said. I didn't try it again.

"That made me hep to Baby's scare and I felt sorry for her when this catty chorus-lady picked up a big black tom on a station platform and brought it into the car.

"Baby began to tremble. 'Steady, little girl,' I whispered. 'You're all right. I won't let it come near you.'

"I didn't. She was nervous all day, jumped when you spoke to her and almost screamed when you touched her. But faithful Fido—that's me—was there, and that cat couldn't get within twenty feet of her.

"At night, she begged me to sit up as long as possible. 'I'm so scared to go to bed,' she whispered. 'I just know something is going to happen.'

"I talked to her as well as I could, and about one o'clock I got her to go to bed and I went down to the smoking-room. I decided not to turn in for an hour or two, until I was sure she was settled for the night.

"Suddenly the most ungodly scream you ever heard ripped the air. Say, I'll bet a fat man never moved so fast before. I got into that car so quick the friction scorched my clothes.

"Poor little Baby was standing in the aisle in her night dress, with her eyes staring out of her head, letting out shriek after shriek, while the tom-cat was sitting on the edge of her berth, spitting at her, its big green eyes looking devilish as—as—as the devil.

"Well, I grabbed the tom-cat by the tail and flung it through the window, glass and all, and then I turned and caught that poor little kiddie in my arms, and say, if she'd been my own sister, I couldn't have felt more gentle or reverential than I did.

"She grabbed me like I was her long-lost brother and I just sat down and rocked her like a baby and talked to her until she stopped screaming and began to cry.

"Say, her little body just shook with sobs. I thought she'd break in two. I got the porter to take the blankets off her berth and I wrapped her in them and sat there with her till she fell asleep. Once or twice I tried to lay her down, but she'd clutch me and begin to cry until finally I says to myself, 'You fat slob, what's a night's sleep to you?' and I held the kid until morning.

"The catty chorus-lady tried to get funny and started to sneer when she woke up, but I tell you, I fixed her. I never cursed a skirt before, but I sure did let out some few on that one. I finished up by telling her something like this: 'Baby will have my address, and if you ever try to hurt her again, or sneer at her or make things unpleasant for her in this company, I'll jump from Vancouver to New York to fix you, and spend every cent I can rake together to do it. I can do it allright, too. I know your kind. A few dollars well invested and I can get all I want to know. I'll bet you get out of the business for good if I once get started right.

"Say, I'd rung the bell the very first shot. She turned white, and believe me, if she ever bothers Baby again, I'll do all I said I would and then some."

The stenographer's eyes were wet, and the head bookkeeper said, rather shakily attempting to be funny, "Pussy cafes all round, eh?" as he led the procession to the door.

CONTRACT NUMBER ONE

BY H. J. RUSSELL

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

THE first house where Brandon stands was built twenty-eight years ago. The first purchase of land from the first Canadian transcontinental railway was made at almost the same time. The house and the land were not very far apart. The one was built and the other bought by the same man. His name is Charles Whitehead—I say "is," because Mr. Whitehead lives in Brandon now, a busy man, with many years of usefulness before him.

He was looking out across the pleasant landscape from the doorway of his shooting lodge when I came upon him late in the afternoon of a day last summer—a round-faced, well-poised, clear-eyed man, with an atmosphere of good health about him, not at all the grizzled oldster fancy would have pictured an actual original pioneer, the purchaser of the first acre sold out of the twenty-five million that were granted to the road by the Government. His agreement to buy is docketed "Contract No. 1" in the files of the company. The date is the 23rd October, 1881. The consideration named is $2.50 an acre, and at the bottom are the signatures of John H. McTavish, Commissioner, and W. D. Scott, Witness. It is a dilapidated document, by reason of having come through a fire; but for all that it remains a valid mark, showing where a completely new order of things in Canada began.

CHARLES WHITEHEAD

Mr. Whitehead talks about anything else with much more freedom than about his own experience in the earlier days. He is a man of many successes, and his hands have not yet been withdrawn from their familiar work of shaping affairs that project themselves toward times to come. It is far from easy to realize that he was the original trail-blazer for a movement unparalleled in the history of colonization, anywhere.

That original purchase followed almost immediately upon the completion of the survey by townships. Surveyor A. M. Darling's field notes, under date of the 7th October, described the land as Section 3, 10, 19, W. I., and said it was good grass land, with some timber, in a district watered by the Assiniboine. At $2.50 an acre the total purchase price amounted to $1,600. This was the first drop in the same bucket that has since received many millions of dollars from land-hungry Yankees, to say nothing of what has been poured in by people from the east and from Europe. The surveyor's description was all Mr. Whitehead had been waiting for. He had taken preliminary possession in the

No. 1

LAND DEPARTMENT

OF THE

Canadian Pacific Railway Company.

This Agreement, made this twenty-ninth day of September in the year 1881 BETWEEN *The Canadian Pacific Railway Company*, hereinafter called "The Company" of the first part, and Charles E. Whitehead of [illegible] hereinafter called "The Purchaser", of the second part, and Robert Fairbairn [illegible] additions and stipulations herein contained and the payments to be made as hereinafter specified, the Purchaser [illegible] the whole of Section No. [illegible] of Range No. Two [illegible] west of the first Principal Meridian, containing according to the Dominion Government survey, Six hundred and forty (640) acres more or less, subject, however, to the rights of way hereinafter mentioned, for the sum of Four thousand three hundred and sixty (4360) Dollars, on which the Purchaser hath paid the sum of Three hundred and twenty six 66/100 (326.66) Dollars, being One hundred and sixty (160) acres at $2.72 per acre, and Eighty (80) at $2.73 per acre, Dollars, on account of the principal, and [illegible] Dollars, for [illegible] months interest in advance, at six per cent per annum, upon the unpaid balance. And the said Purchaser, in consideration of the premises, hereby agrees to pay to the said Company, at the LAND DEPARTMENT of THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY, at the City of Winnipeg, the following sums of Principal and Interest, at the several times named below

WHEN DUE.				INTEREST Dollars	Cents	PRINCIPAL Dollars	Cents	EVIDENCE OF PAYMENT
First Payment	23	Sept.	1882	64.	00	266.	66	
Second do	23	"	1883	48.	00	266	66	
Third do	23	"	1884	32	00	266	66	
Fourth do	23	"	1885	16.	00	266	66	
Fifth do	23	"	1886			266	70	

AND THE PURCHASER HEREBY this contract is made on these express stipulations and conditions:

That all improvements placed upon said premises shall remain thereon, and shall not be removed or destroyed until final payment for said Land;

That the Purchaser will punctually pay said sums of money, above specified, as each of the same becomes due;

That he will regularly and duly pay all such taxes and assessments as may be lawfully imposed upon said premises or said improvements;

That he will cut no wood or timber from said land, except a sufficient quantity for fuel and fencing for actual and necessary use thereon, and for buildings to be erected thereon;

And that the Purchaser shall within four years after the date hereof bring under cultivation and sow and reap a crop on three-fourths of the said land, but if he shall erect buildings thereon satisfactory to the Company, and shall reside thereon continuously for three years at least of the said term of four years, then at least one half of the said land shall be by him so cultivated and cropped within said four years.

AND IT IS HEREBY FURTHER AGREED that the Purchaser shall be allowed a credit of $2.25 per acre for each acre of the said land so cultivated and cropped as aforesaid, during the said term of four years from the date hereof, or if he erect buildings and reside thereon continuously as aforesaid, then such allowance shall be made for land cultivated and cropped during [illegible] years from this date, such allowance to be made, however, for the first cultivation only of the said land. This credit will be applied (subject to the purchaser's fulfilment of the terms hereof, on the payments of principal next falling due, but no interest will be allowed the Purchaser on such credit. Before receiving such credit, and also at the expiration of the said terms of four or five years, as the case may be, the Purchaser shall furnish to the Company's Land Commissioner evidence to his satisfaction, showing the number of acres so cultivated, and if credit be claimed for improvements and residence, proving the same.

In case the said Purchaser, his legal representatives or his assigns, shall pay the several sums of money aforesaid, punctually, and at the several times above limited, and shall in like manner strictly and literally perform all and singular his agreements and stipulations aforesaid, then the Company will make unto the said Purchaser his heirs or assigns, (upon request at the Land Office of the Company at the City of Winnipeg, and the surrender of this Contract,) a Deed conveying said premises in fee simple, reserving, however, a strip or strips of land two hundred feet wide, to be used by the Company for right of way or other railroad purposes, wherever the line of THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY, or any branch thereof is or shall be hereafter located over the said land.

But in case the Purchaser shall fail to make the payments aforesaid, or any of them, punctually and upon the strict terms and times above limited, or in like manner fail to cultivate and crop three-fourths or one-half the said lands, as the case may be, on the terms and in the times above mentioned, and likewise to perform and complete all and each of his agreements and stipulations aforesaid, strictly and literally, without any failure or default, the times of payment and for cultivation and cropping as aforesaid, and otherwise being of the essence of this Contract, then the Company shall have the right to declare this Contract null and void, and all rights and interests hereby created or then existing in favor of the Purchaser, or derived under this Contract, shall utterly cease and determine, and the premises hereby agreed to be sold shall revert to and revest in the Company, (without any declaration of forfeiture or notice or act of re-entry, or without any other act by said Company to be performed, or any suit or legal proceeding to be brought or taken, and without any right of said Purchaser of reclamation or compensation for moneys paid or improvements made,) as absolutely, fully and perfectly as if this Contract had never been made. But the Company may in its discretion re-value the said land and make a new sale thereof to the Purchaser at such re-valuation. If, however, the said Company shall elect not to declare this Contract null and void, in case the Purchaser shall fail to make the payments or any of them, as above stipulated, the Purchaser agrees to pay interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum, annually, on all payments of both principal and interest from the date of their maturity.

And it is Further Stipulated, That no assignment of this Contract shall be valid unless the same shall be for the entire interest of the Purchaser and endorsed hereon, or permanently attached hereto, and approved and countersigned by the Commissioner of the Land Department, (for which purpose this Contract must be sent to this Department by mail or otherwise,) and that no agreements or conditions or relations between the Purchaser and his assignee, or any other person acquiring title or interest from or through him shall preclude the Company from the right to convey the premises to said Purchaser, on the surrender of this Agreement and the payment of the unpaid portion of the purchase money which may be due to the Company, unless the assignment hereof be approved and countersigned by the said Commissioner as aforesaid.

In Witness of which, THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY hath caused these presents, in duplicate, to be signed by the Commissioner of the Land Department, and the second party hath hereunto set his name in the day and year above written.

J. H. McTavish *Commissioner.*

WITNESS, [illegible] C. Whitehead *Purchaser*

CONTRACT NUMBER ONE

The blank white spaces show where the contract was burned in the fire

spring, and had made application. He bought at once, and held his purchase until September, 1883, when he sold to the North British Investment Company, Ltd., the correspondence in the transfer being between E. Hughes, of Brandon, for that company, and F. T. Griffin for the railway, acting in the absence of Mr. McTavish. Its subsequent ownership is a matter of local real estate interest merely, but the facts and dates of the original purchase and the sale to the investment company have a certain significance peculiar to themselves.

It was an empty country when Mr. Whitehead bought. When he sold, Brandon had materialized, and the investment company (a Scottish organization operating from Glasgow) had an office there. Between these two sales, however, a depression had set in, checking the growth of the young country. That depression lasted from 1882 until 1887, and may truthfully be said to have cut five years' growth out of the twenty-eight that have intervened. That Mr. Whitehead sold is less remarkable than that there was anyone to buy. The price had not advanced. The investment company simply completed the terms of Contract No. 1 by paying the balance due the railway company, taking the benefit of the rebate allowed for cultivation, and receiving deed from Mr. Whitehead, through the Land Commissioner's office.

That streak of hard times did not strike the United States until 1884, and settlement was going on unchecked south of the boundary. Many a family crossed the line, deserting Canada and taking lands in the then territory of Dakota. It was a period of pessimism in Manitoba, where the Discerners of the Impossible, always a majority where great things are proposed, proclaimed failure for the railway. It is hard to understand now in that bustling, populous, thriving country, that the climate and soil were

THE HOUSE WHICH COST MR. WHITEHEAD $4,000.00

4687

Memorandum.

LAND DEPARTMENT

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY CO.

OFFICE OF THE LAND COMMISSIONER.

Winnipeg, 17 Sept. 1883

To E. Hughes Esq
Brandon
Man

Dear Sir.

Referring to your letter of the 29th ult Charles Whitehead's deed for Section 3-10-19 W1 has been rec'd from Montreal and as soon as signed by Mr McTavish, who is absent and will probably not return for ten days, will be ready for delivery.

Balance required to complete payment is as follows:—

Payment due 30 Sept. 1882	$380.66
Balance of principal	1066.68
	$1397.84
Less rebate on 842 ac cropped	427.50
	$969.84

Yours truly
Fred. Griffin
per J. H. McTavish
Land Commissioner

MR. GRIFFIN'S LETTER REGARDING THE LAND SALE PROVIDED FOR IN "CONTRACT NUMBER ONE"

commonly believed to be such as to forbid a successful railway and remunerative farming.

Truly, it was a lonely land then, with a sense of desolation settled upon the people. The work was hard, indoor and out. For all but a temperamental few it was crushing. Sociability on any normal scale was out of the question, houses were so far apart. In the cold weather men used to say contemptuous things to themselves for having come to a region where there were "four months of winter and eight months of cold weather." These same men would insist that "a place where a rooster wouldn't crow was no place for humans." All of which was the effect of something very like isolation, and a disbelief that the railway would ever

get through to the coast or the country fill up.

Across the line the more advanced condition of settlement was not without its hardships. There was a liberal seasoning of drunken "breeds," gunmen and claim jumpers; and practically no policing beyond what could be done by harassed and insufficient United States marshals, reaching out from the Red River towns and woefully under-equipped. The Canadian West was free from that drawback at least, having the mounted police. The red tunic meant law, and even the Indians knew that. There is a familiar story about a whole troop of United States cavalry escorting a band of Canadian "bad" Indians back to the boundary, and having enough to do to get them here. At the line they were met by a single mounted police officer.

J. H. MCTAVISH

"Are you ready for these Indians?" asked the American officer.

"Yes, sir," responded the policeman.

"They're a bad lot. Where is your escort stationed?"

The trooper smiled faintly under his moustache. "Why, Scott's having his horse shod and I guess Murray's over getting a drink. they'll be along in a minute."

And when presently Scott and Murray came placidly on the scene, that troop of cavalry sat on their horses and watched the band of Indians they had

F. T. GRIFFIN IN THE FIELD WITH A HOME SEEKER

so carefully guarded depart over the yellow prairie under the charge of three men.

The American officer watched them dwindle to a dot across the level. Then his feelings found speech.

"Well, I'll be damned," said he, and thoughtfully turned back.

So at least there was good order in Canada. But the people were lonesome—very lonesome. Mr. Whitehead tells of a man who brought in a crate of cats from Ontario and sold them for three dollars per cat! The sole reason for this extraordinary market value was that cats were company. They made a place more homelike. It was a demoralizing country for field dogs. Even the usually sensible setter, of good strain, would soon lose his head and take to ranging so hard and so fast that he would get his ribs through his hide. Sometimes a ranging dog would be found a hundred miles away from the place where he belonged.

W. D. SCOTT
Dominion Superintendent of Immigration

It was railway construction that brought Mr. Whitehead to the West.

"I came out from England with my father, Joseph Whitehead," said he, "when I was fourteen years old. My father was a railway man, and was fireman of the Rocket, the first locomotive engine built by George Stephenson. The Rocket was known as Engine No. 1 of the Stockton and Darlington Railway, and was built in 1825."

There was something abrupt in this statement, considering its simplicity and the fact that it brought you face to face with one of the very first of those transcendent acts which have cooperated, in swift and marvelous succession, to the creation of the conditions of life as we know it now. It was as though a hale and plain-spoken man, having the appearance of middle age, should have said, "My father was assistant to Benjamin Franklin, who found out that lightning was identical with electricity," and passed at once to other things—as Mr. Whitehead did without a break, when he added, "We went to Ontario, and in the spring of 1877 we came west from Clinton, County Huron.

"My father," continued Mr. Whitehead, "engaged in railway contracting, and we did a great deal of construction work east of Winnipeg. Contract 15, which we secured, covered the grading from St. Boniface to East Selkirk, and the track laying and ballasting from St. Boniface to Rat Portage, as Kenora was then called. The excavation on Contract 15 started at Cross Lake and ran down to the Winnipeg River, a distance of thirty-seven miles, in which there was about a half million yards of solid rock. It took us about three years to complete the work."

In the spring of 1881, Mr. Whitehead went up the Assiniboine River from Winnipeg with a cargo of lumber, and built a small shack on the bank of the river, which he lived in and used as a lumber office. That was the first dwelling on the site of Brandon. He had with him a partner, Frank Myers, and soon after T. M. Daly came along, looking for a place to practice law. He hung out his shingle over their door, and they nailed him up a bunk near the roof. Later young Whitehead decided to go in for farming, and selected his section of land.

"I knew a town was going to be established close by," said he in telling me about it, "and I wanted to be near it. I liked that particular section best.

The North British Canadian Investment Co.

(LIMITED.)

REGISTERED OFFICE, GLASGOW, SCOTLAND.

Offices of General Managers in Canada.

32 Toronto Street.

Brandon Agency 29 Sept 1883

Dear Sir

Please hand deed for Sec 3 Tp 10 R 19 West to Agent North British Can. Investment Coy. on receiving from him the balance of purchase money due

C J Whitehead

J. S. McLaren Esq.
Land Commissioner
C.P.R.
Winnipeg

Hand deed to Mr Dan 7/11/83

MR. WHITEHEAD'S LETTER TRANSFERRING THE SECTION OF LAND MENTIONED IN "CONTRACT NUMBER ONE"

It is now only about a mile from the city limits, and two and a half miles from Rosser Avenue, the main street.

"In order to encourage settlement the railway allowed a rebate of $1.25 on the purchase price for every acre broken. The following spring—1882 — I broke 450 acres, and secured a rebate amounting to $662.50; but I had to pay nine dollars an acre for breaking, so that my rebate of $662.50 cost me $4,050. Everything was very dear. You can buy as much for a dollar now as it would take five to buy then.

"I built a house worth $4,000.00, and I think that indicates my confidence in

the future of the country and the ability of the railway people to carry their undertaking through, though there was no lack of Jeremiahs, who thought otherwise."

The trees around the house, as shown in the accompanying illustration, were transplanted from the river bank in the sapling stage. They are big trees now.

"I put in fifty acres of wheat and four hundred acres of oats," said he. "My crop was an average of 29½ bushels of wheat to the acre, and eighty bushels of oats. I sold the wheat at eighty cents and the oats at forty-five. I seeded so much of the land to oats for two reasons: It was the prevailing crop for new breaking; and there was a great demand for oats all along the line of railway construction. It paid better to grow oats. Everybody grew them.

"All provisions were brought up the river from Winnipeg. The freight on lumber was $12.00 a thousand feet. I sold common lumber for about $35.00 a thousand.

"I fall-plowed all my breaking, but there had been a heavy growth of straw and I had to throw my binders high, so that the straw formed a sort of air-stratum of vacuum when the soil was turned over, and I had a very light crop the next year, 1883. Besides that, prices went down. The construction gangs were moving farther west, and we got only twelve and thirteen cents a bushel for oats, and fifty for wheat. Afterward the price for wheat went down to thirty-eight cents, and that for the very best number one hard. Robert Hastings, buyer for Ogilvies, filled a fifty-thousand-bushel elevator with that grade of wheat at thirty-seven cents a bushel. Hogs were only two cents, live weight. There were not people enough to buy the pork. Canadian Pacific stock went down to $35.00, but it shows the wonderful recuperative power of the country and the energy of the railway company that a little later $20,000,000 was expended on work between the two oceans. In other words, the early transcontinental had just as hard a time of it as the early settlers, and was often enough up against heart-breaking situations, but it never stopped. It hung right on.

"I handled some live stock, too," continued Mr. Whitehead. "In the fall of 1881, Guy & Sons, of Oshawa, Ontario, brought some Ayreshires up to Winnipeg, and I bought some eight or ten head and a young Durham bull. In 1882 I bought thirty-five cows and made some money by them, for I sold them later at $65.00 and $70.00 a head. I did a little dairying about that time, and sold butter at forty-five cents a pound—but help was very hard to find. There was practically nothing in the country, and hens from Ontario, of doubtful pedigree but obvious age, sold for $2.50 apiece."

Mr. Whitehead was making a fairly good thing of farming, "but," as he explained, "the estimates were too far apart for me, and when they were wrong you had no reclamation on the chief. It was not like railway contracting." And so he sold out, and took up other lines of activity.

One thing about Contract No. 1 would give it a singular interest now, aside from its denoting the initial act in so great a story. The thing is the appearance of the names of Messrs. McTavish, Scott and Griffin. These names are indelibly impressed upon those annals of Canada which include the period of largest development and the foundation of the real national future. Messrs. Scott and Griffin are still with us, but Mr. McTavish passed away in 1888. All three lives were closely interwoven with Canadian affairs, and had or have no other concerns. The whole of Mr. McTavish's business career up to 1881 was given to the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, in which his executive ability so disclosed itself that in that year he was offered and accepted the post of land commissioner for the Canadian Pacific. Those dubious days called for just such a man in that difficult position, when land was to be sold in the face of an indifferent or even hostile disposition where a market should have been. How well he did his work the results have shown. He was called away all too soon, but he left behind him an enduring memory of fine achievements against great odds. Mr. McTavish was succeeded by Mr. L. A. Hamilton,

who held the position thirteen years, and was succeeded then, in 1901, by Mr. Griffin, the present commissioner—the same F. T. Griffin whose name appears in the Whitehead correspondence as Mr. McTavish's aid in 1881, and who has been in the department's service ever since that date. The land department now under his direction, with its highly organized propaganda and its record-breaking aggregates of sale, is a distinctly different thing from the department of twenty-eight years ago, when Mr. McTavish was not only put to it to get any settlers at all, but to hold those he did get. There is something delightful in the conspicuous fact that for every settler who slipped away from his old chief and went across the border, Mr. Griffin has brought back and is bringing back thousands, with all their money and gear.

Mr. Scott is, and for years has been, the Dominion Superintendent of Immigration at Ottawa. Under his management the Department of Immigration has grown to be the best in any country, being so conceded by the immigration authorities at Washington, themselves admittedly aggressive and expert. His experience and his native power of organization have enabled him not only to plan and create a vast system of publicity and agency, but to handle the heaviest influx of immigrants without friction and with perfect comfort to the immigrants themselves. Any farmer in the United States or in Europe who may desire to settle on the public domain of Canada has only to make his wish known to the nearest immigration agent, to find at his command a perfect system, through which he will be honestly informed in anything he needs to know, and find his way made smooth.

As Mr. Whitehead said to me when I was coming away, it may also be said of these gentlemen and the great interests they serve: "We pioneers had a hard time of it, but it paid to hang on."

It is a fine phrase, that: "it paid to hang on." Nobody can doubt it, now, seeing with every-day eyes the wonderful things that came of hanging on. The railway that was so dubiously regarded in those days spans and crisscrosses four great provinces, with towns and farms and people and prosperity that the elder provinces of the east or the prairie states across the line may in some ways match, but cannot overtop. For a long time the west was a range country. For another long time before that, many parts of it were supposed to be unfit even for cattle, on account of what the climate was erroneously supposed to be. As a contrast in high light between then and now, take Mr. Whitehead's story, and then consider the case of Mr. A. S. Bowman, who came up from Kentucky in 1905 and bought 6,000 acres near Lethbridge in Alberta, hundreds of miles west of Brandon, on the farther edge of the country that was undreamed of as profitably habitable when Contract Number One was signed. "I invested $100,000 in land, improvements and stock," writes Mr. Bowman, in 1908, "but off the land already cropped I have had cash returns which more than pay for it twice over, and the expense of cultivating it."

What a change so short a time has wrought! It paid to hang on, and it pays to get in, for Canada has come into her own.

THE DAM AT LOCKPORT IS ONE OF THE IMPORTANT POINTS ON THE RED RIVER

THE HISTORIC RED RIVER WATERWAY

BY ARTHUR J. FORWARD

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

A SHALLOW, crooked, snagged and muddy stream, winding for hundreds of miles, between high clay banks covered with scrub, through monotonous alluvial plains, finding its way at last amid a broad sea of reeds and rushes by many marsh-lined channels into the bosom of a desolate inland sea. Upon its waters a score or less of those curious amphibious monsters—"able to run wherever there has been an extra heavy dew"—the sternwheel steamboats of western American rivers.

The seeming incongruity of title and topic might well recall that famous work on the snakes of Ireland which began: "There are no snakes in Ireland." Especially as such naval distinction as might be conferred by the meanderings of a few shapeless sternwheelers was lost to the Red River of the North with the first shriek of the locomotive whistle on its banks. Yet, despite appearances, the story of the "Queen River of the Northern Plain" unfolds a romantic page in the history of our country,—a story of intrepid explorers, of adventurous fur traders, of sturdy pioneers, of that marvelous westward trek that is building one of the great nations of earth where not long since the buffalo roamed in countless herds.

"On Sept. 24th, 1738," says Bryce, "the eyes of the white man first fell on the site of what is destined to be the great central city of Canada." Verandrye, the French fur-trader, on that date reached the junction of the Assiniboine and Red Rivers and during the same fall built Fort Rouge, where Winnipeg now stands, and Fort de la Reine, near the present site of Portage la Prairie. These were simply winter stations, put up in great haste, and they disappeared in a short time. The only historic interest they possess,

apart from their being the first structures erected by white men on Red River, is due to the fact that in after years the Northwest Company based upon these early acts of possession by the French their opposition to the claims of the Hudson's Bay Company to the territory under the charter granted to Prince Rupert. But Verandrye and his associates failed to secure the support of their government for their plans of western empire, and their stations had been long abandoned when the Hudson's Bay Company, over half a century later, established fur-trading posts at Fort Garry, Brandon, and elsewhere in the district. The first permanent occupation of the Red River territory proper thus took place in the last year of the eighteenth century.

In view of the present agitation for the opening of the Hudson's Bay route to Europe, it is of interest to note that in the race for the fur trade in those early days, the Hudson's Bay Company by using that route for their ships to York Factory were able to reach a point on the Saskatchewan with their goods nearly a month earlier in spring than their Montreal rivals, the Northwest Company. And it affords, perhaps, an omen of the future as well as a record of the past, that for the first half-century of its existence the main route of the Red River Settlement to the outside world was northward through Lake Winnipeg, and thence via Hudson's Bay and Strait to Europe. When the Fort Garry post was established by the Company the upper reaches of the Red River, and the headwaters of the Mississippi occupied a trackless wild. To the southwest lay the "Great American Desert," then and for long afterwards deemed a permanent barrier to further westward settlement in the United States. Westward, and to the northwest stretched the almost illimitable and untrodden areas of the "Great Lone Land," so great portions of which are wrapped in primeval mystery even to our own day. Little was there in the new post or its surroundings to draw to it the eyes of the outside world, and it might have remained long in obscurity, had it not been for events beyond the sea, and the keen discernment of a man notable among the makers of Canada, Thomas Douglas, Earl of Selkirk.

A century ago great hardships were experienced by many people in the

THE STERN WHEELER "ALEXANDRIA" PUSHING A SCOW ON THE RED RIVER

Highlands of Scotland owing to the rigorous enforcement of new land laws, and the policy of landed proprietors which drove them out of the country in large numbers to escape starvation. Many of the exiles found homes in the British dominions beyond the seas. As early as 1802, Earl Selkirk, who took a prominent part in providing for the unfortunates, writing to Lord Pelham, a British minister of the day, says:

"Upon the waters which fall into Lake Winnipeg is a country which the Indian traders represent as fertile, and of a climate far more temperate than the shores of the Atlantic under the same parallel, and not more severe than that of Germany or Poland. Here, therefore, colonists may with a moderate exertion of industry be certain of a comfortable subsistence, and they may also raise some valuable objects of exportation. To a colony in these territories the channel of trade must be the river of Port Nelson."

Failing, however, to interest the British Ministry in his plans, Earl Selkirk brought his first settlers to Prince Edward Island, where they formed a prosperous and flourishing colony.

Later on he found a way of overcoming the bitter opposition of the Hudson's Bay Company to his design to form a colony at Red River, by purchasing a controlling interest in the shares of the company. This he proceeded to do, after looking carefully into their title to the lands they claimed and having secured from the new Board, that is to say from himself and his friends, a grant of 116,000 square miles in the valley of the Red River, in the spring of 1811 he sent forward the first batch of Scotch emigrants by sailing vessel to York Factory.

The story of the wanderings of these Red River pioneers might form the subject of a latter-day Odyssey, and contrasts in startling fashion with the luxury enjoyed by the modern traveller to the Northwest. Leaving Scotland in the spring of 1811, it was not until October 15th that they arrived at Port Nelson. A winter camp was erected on the Nelson River, some miles from the Fort, and in the following spring they resumed their journey, arriving at Fort Garry late in August of 1812. Here they found not one bag of pemmican or any other article of provision and must subsist on the few fish they could catch. The buffalo had gone far out on the plains so that the Company's officers had been unable to procure a supply of food and all were compelled to journey on to Pembina, where they spent the winter. So that it was not until the spring of 1813, two years after departure from their Scottish homes, that they actually set foot on their lands in the new colony.

Another brigade of colonists reached the newly erected Fort Prince of Wales on Churchill River in August of 1813, and wintered at Colony Creek nearby, deprived of the locks of the guns "in order that they should not kill the Company's partridges." In the following April they took up their march to York Factory, and thence, via the Nelson River, reached Fort Garry in the early autumn. Others followed, and though many were coaxed or driven away from the settlement by the rival company's agents, and though in 1815 the few remaining settlers were forced to retreat to the River Jack on Lake Winnipeg, and their houses and mill were burned, and despite the open warfare between the Companies, which continued, often with bloodshed, until their amalgamation in 1820, the Red River colony was permanently established as an agricultural settlement.

Earl Selkirk himself came to Red River in 1817, and made a treaty with the Indians by which their title was extinguished in a belt of land comprising two miles on either side of the Red and Assiniboine Rivers, or, in the Indian parlance, as far on either side as could be seen under the belly of a horse. Thus all the farms of the early settlers fronted on the river, along which their houses were strung in a row. As the individual holdings were seldom more than a few rods wide, there was thus presented to the river voyager the appearance of a long street extending for miles on either bank. Back of the two mile limit the settlers were permitted to cut hay for their cattle or to allow their herds free range of the prairie.

The infancy of the colony was troublous. Not only did the inter-

corporate strife disturb, but flood, frosts, and locusts made fearful onsets upon the devoted band. Time and again they were starved out, and had to take to hunting to sustain life. A number of Swiss came out on one of the later ships, and they, after a brief sojourn, went bodily south to the nearest American settlements. As Tasse graphically puts it, "*l'inondation et les sauterelles leur chasserent*"—flood and grasshoppers chased them. But in this Thermopylae of agricultural life in the Northwest, the stern

THE BUILDING OF SUCH A LOCK AND DAM AS ST. ANDREW'S INVOLVES IMMENSE CONSTRUCTION WORK

fighting blood of the Scotsmen brought them again and again to the fray, and finally won the day.

The Hudson's Bay Company, be it said to their credit, appear to have made numerous efforts in aid of the colony, which, however, all failed. The first attempts at production of "valuable objects of exportation" culminated in the formation of a company in 1821 to manufacture cloth from buffalo wool. As a yard of cloth cost $12.50 to produce on Red River, and sold in London for only $1.10 the venture soon came to grief. The successive failures of the Assiniboine Wool Company, the Flax and Hemp Company, a disastrous sheep speculation, and some model farm experiments which cost the Company £5,000 to no purpose, apparently convinced them of the futility of further effort, and from that time on they pursued a policy of masterly inactivity, if not of actual repression of agricultural enterprises.

In 1833 the settlement is described as "prosperous, and provisions so cheap that beef and pork were selling at 2d per pound, and eggs at 3d per dozen." But, as an offset to this, the same authority tells us that "the crops of the previous year had entirely failed, and from the severity of the weather, the wheat had frozen in the ground." Several years later, Governor Ramsey, of Minnesota, describes the Red River colonists as "smothering

in their own fat." Paul Kane, in 1845, says: "The settlers live in great plenty as far as mere food and clothing are concerned. As for the luxuries of life, they are almost unattainable, as they have no market nearer than St. Paul, a distance of nearly 700 miles over trackless prairie."

Lack of market for their produce and the prohibitive cost of carriage to the outside world were the great drawbacks to progress. The soil remained uncultivated because no disposal could be made of the crops beyond the requirements of the Company and the handful of settlers. Thus the transportation question, even at this early era, overshadowed all others in its importance to the life and prosperity of the community. Remote, solitary, dependent for supplies upon the annual ship to Hudson's Bay, the lot of the settlers was not a happy one. The prevailing spirit is well shown in a letter written in 1855 by Reverend J. Taylor to a friend:

"You will imagine the panic we are all in at the probability of there not being a ship; the real or supposed straits we shall all be in; and the plans proposed for a partial supply of the wants and necessities of this singularly situated people, dependent upon one ship! Oh! the casualty, the risk, the uncertainty! Pray God for us, that we may not this year feel the sad experience of so serious a state of things, consequent on such inadequate means of supply. But it looks gloomy at present; everything is out, all the stores are bare, and were it not for what the importers from the States have brought in there would be little or nothing for the people's use."

Everything had to come or go by the one ship. If there wasn't room for anything, it simply had to wait till next year. The cost of bringing goods from England was then £5 per ton to York Factory and from £21 to £25 a ton from there to Red River. Salt sold at a shilling a quart, rice and sugar at a shilling a pound, and other goods in proportion.

Even at these prices trade was under severe restrictions, owing to the monopolies claimed by the Company under its charter, and the jealous care with which they guarded against any interference with the fur traffic. "It is the fundamental law of the country," says one writer at the time, "that no settler should trade in furs," which, seeing that there was little else that could be traded in, may be compared to an edict that the dwellers on the Newfoundland coasts should not trade in fish. "Once in every year settlers are permitted at their own risk to import stores, but even for this a license is required. . . Imports to the value of £50 are allowed, but they must be purchased only with certain specified productions of the colony carried away the same season."

"There is no export trade in the colony," writes Rev. John Ryerson in 1855.

"They receive their supplies of dry goods, clothing and liquors from York Factory on Hudson's Bay, 800 miles from Red River. Some of the traders, perhaps most of them, order goods from England, but they are always brought to York Depot in the Company's ships. It requires more than two months to make the journey from York Factory to Red River, and there are thirty-seven portages to be made in that distance."

The "home market" then enjoyed by the settlers is described in a few words by John McLean, who spent twenty-five years in the service of the Company:

"The Company purchase from 6 to 8 bushels of wheat from each farmer at the rate of 3s per bushel. The sum total of their yearly purchases from the settlement amounts to 600 cwts. flour, 35 bushel rough barley, 10 half-firkins butter (28 lbs. each), 10 bushel Indian corn, 200 cwts best kiln-dried flour, 60 firkins butter (56 lbs. each), 240 lbs. cheese, 60 hams. A single Scotch farmer could be found in the colony able alone to supply the greater part of the produce the Company require; there is one, in fact, who offered to do it. *If a sure market were secured to the colonists of Red River they would speedily become the wealthiest yeomanry in the world.*"

So hampered was the colony by lack of transportation facilities and market, and by trade restrictions, that there was practically no growth of population in forty years. Before a select committee of the British House of Commons in 1857, Sir George Simpson, the Chief Factor of the Company, testified as follows:

A.—"We purchase all their surplus agricultural product."

Q.—"Do you mean that the farmers have

no more to sell than what you purchase, or do you only purchase what you want?"

A.—"They have no more to sell; they have only 8,000 acres of land under cultivation at the present time, although the country has been settled upwards of forty years."

and another witness stated:

"North of 49° there is no settlement: south of 49° in Minnesota there are now 180,000 settlers. That district had a population four years ago of 6,000 people; it has now 180,000. Red River had as large a population twenty years ago as it has now."

II.

Lured from their Scottish homes by the prospects of Arcadian simplicity and the joys of proprietorship in "Ossiniboia" far from the madding bailiff and remote from the haunts of the oppressive landlord, the little emigrant band had now been forty years in the wilderness, and no Joshua had yet appeared to lead the way into the promised land. All that wondrous heritage of the plains, bar a paltry 8,000 acres, lay yet unoccupied.

The prosperity of their neighbors in Minnesota spurred the Red River colonists to take action for their own relief. To break the monopoly of the Company and bring goods to Red River at reasonable cost, they began to take the long overland journey to St. Paul with carts. Nearly 1,400 miles over bad or no roads, and often exposed to deadly peril from Indians. For protection against the savages and mutual help along the way caravans were formed. In 1856 it is said that the annual caravan consisted of upwards of 500 carts laden with furs, and the more valuable farm produce to exchange for supplies.

Prior to 1859 the idea of navigating the Red River had been derided as preposterous. But Yankee ingenuity, which had long before discovered that boats could be made to run *on* the water as well as *in* it, found a way, and Joshua arrived in the person of a Yankee skipper, who took his boat to pieces and toted it across country from the headwaters of the Mississippi, until he was able to launch it in the virgin waters of the Red River. The "Anson Northrup," as the first steamer was

THE STEAMER "ALBERTA" IS ALWAYS CROWDED WITH PEOPLE FROM WINNIPEG

called, after her owner, was a miniature stern-wheeler with a bow oar or sweep worked by deckhands, and necessary in steering along the tortuous course of the upper river. Her wheel-house was sheathed on all sides with four-inch planks, as a protection against bullets. Cordwood for fuel could be so piled as to shelter the lower deck; while the engineer could at a moment's notice direct a stream of hot water and scalding steam on attacking savages. Her arrival at Fort Garry in June, 1859, was greeted with great rejoicings. The cannon of the fort thundered out a welcome, bells rang, and she tied up at the landing amidst cheering and general jubilation.

With this event opened a new era for the colony. The Company officers decided to profit by, if they could not prevent, the new traffic, and consequently founded the port of Georgetown, 200 miles south of the mouth of the Assiniboine, and named after Sir George Simpson. In 1861 the steamboat made regular trips between Fort Garry and Georgetown, while stages ran from there to St. Paul, opening communication with the outside world, and enabling the trip to Montreal to be completed in twelve days. It had before this, occupied thirty-eight days.

In 1862 a larger steamer, the "International," built at a cost of $20,000, appeared on the scene. Her prospectus, issued by J. C. Burbank, states as follows:

"Our new boat, the "International", will be down about May 15th. She will make fortnightly trips . . . will be two days running from Georgetown to Fort Garry . . . we have concluded to make rates for 1862 as follows: St. Paul to Fort Garry, ordinary merchandise in lots of 2,000 lbs. and upwards, £1 sterling per 100 lbs.; less than 2,000 lbs., £5 per 100 lbs. Passengers, $30.00, return $50.00. We have expended a large amount of money to open this route, and have reduced our rates to the lowest possible amount, and we feel that we are justly entitled to the whole patronage of the settlement. Another, and perhaps the most important reason why the settlers should prefer our mode of transportation to flat-boats is that the steamer will be engaged in the service of the United States, conveying her mails, and our Government will protect her against threatened depredations of the Indians."

From which it would appear that, as the Company and the St. Paul merchants owned the steamboats, the colonists did not at once reap the expected benefit in the way of reduced cost of transportation; $500 a ton for package freight from St. Paul to Winnipeg looks a pretty steep rate from this distance. Partly no doubt owing to the prohibitive rates, partly to the scare from the great Sioux massacre, the first hopes for the route were not realized, and trade by it appears to have languished for some years.

Captain (afterwards General) Butler, the *avant-coureur* of the Wolseley expedition to Red River in 1870, somewhat humorously describes the "International" as he found her in that year:

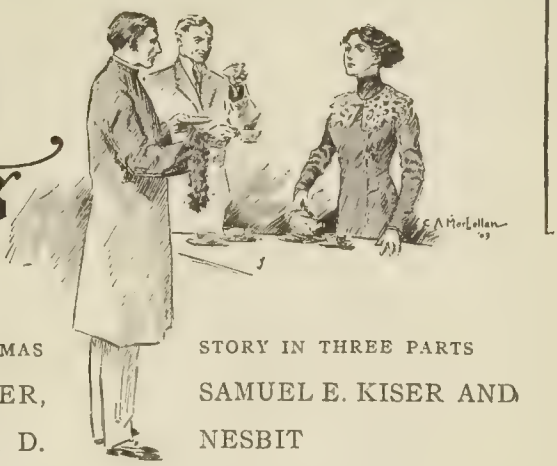
"She was a curious craft, measuring about 130 feet in length, drawing only two feet of water, and propelled by an enormous wheel placed over her stern . , . Eight summers of varied success, and as many winters of total inaction had told heavily against her river-worthiness; the sun had cracked her roof and sides, the rigour of the Winnipeg winter had left its traces on bows and hull. Her engines were a perfect marvel of patchwork, pieces of rope twisted around crank and shaft, mud thickly laid on boilers and pipes, and little jets and spurts of steam escaping everywhere through it all."

During the winter of 1870 James J. Hill built the "Selkirk", and placed her on the Fort Garry route, where, it is said, she repaid the cost of her construction out of freights earned on her first trip. The Hudson's Bay Company then transferred the International to their St. Paul agent, N. W. Kittson, who ran her in opposition to Hill's boat. As a result of this competition Hill and Kittson soon amalgamated interests as the Red River Transportation Company, under the management of Kittson.

Thwarted once more in their hope of reduced rates, the merchants of Winnipeg then built the "Manitoba" and "Minnesota" to compete with Kittson and Hill. The Merchants' Line, however, was not a financial success, and its boats were soon bought in by the Red River Transportation Company, which in 1878 had a fleet of seven steamers and a number of barges.

To be continued.

Only Jones



A DAY-BEFORE-CHRISTMAS STORY IN THREE PARTS

BY HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER, SAMUEL E. KISER AND WILBUR D. NESBIT

Part II.

By S. E. Kiser

When Miss Allen came from the house again the Rev. Arthur Montgomery Simms-Sinclair, Mr. Jabez McAdam and Mr. Delancey were lined up at the rear of the automobile, each determined to help her into it. The situation might have been embarrassing if Mr. Jones had not happened to accompany her down the steps. As it was, she permitted him to assist her to a seat; but another difficulty immediately presented itself. Only one of the men could sit in the tonneau with the lady. Mr. Delancey heartily wished that both Jabez McAdam and the Rev. Arthur Montgomery Simms-Sinclair might at that moment have been in Baton Rouge or Ispahan. It is perhaps needless to explain how the matter ended. Time was when the church could dictate, but we live in the age of business. Mr. McAdam had in his commercial training acquired the habit of acting quickly, and he scrambled into the coveted seat without giving ministerial dignity a chance to assert itself.

In the moment of his triumph, however, the elated captain of industry set a heel through the center of a mince pie that was intended for poor old Mrs. Gardner.

"Never mind," he said, seeing Ursula's look of dismay, "I'll fix that all right."

"It can't be fixed," she replied, "and I had an extra allowance of brandy put in it, because she is such a strong temperance woman, and would have enjoyed it so much."

"Here," he urged, flourishing a bill, "give her this. It'll do her a lot more good than mince pie."

"That," said the rector, directing over his shoulder a look of reproof and pity, "is where you men who regard money as the only thing worth having or worth striving for make your most serious mistake. There are wrongs which you cannot set right with your germ-laden dollars."

"Germ-laden?" McAdam retorted. "Don't you believe it. "I get my money in bundles fresh from the printing office every morning."

"If you knew Mrs. Gardner as I know her," Mr. Simms-Sinclair continued, "you would realize that what you have done can never be undone. That pie would have given her solace. Many a time have I heard her longing for mince pie. It was a thing that her heart craved."

"Yes," said the magnate, "and it would probably have made her liver get its back up and strike for shorter hours. Go on, Delancey, let 'er zipp.

I'll buy the old lady a bakery if nothing but mince pie'll make 'er have peace on earth and good will toward men."

They went down the street, with Jones waving them a careless good-bye, and as they turned a corner two squares away, they caught a glimpse of him talking to a man who had driven up in a buggy. The Rev. Arthur Montgomery Simms-Sinclair looked at his watch, and seeing that it was ten minutes after five, begged Delancey to put on his high speed.

"It is necessary for me to marry those people at six o'clock," he urged, "and we must make better time than this or we cannot get around."

"My emergency brake doesn't work well," Delancey replied, hoping the minister might be induced to desert them, "and we can't take the risk of having Miss Allen hurt in an accident."

"Don't creep along on my account," she said; "I've outgrown pony carts. Besides, you know, I'm in a hurry, too. I must get home in time to dress for the party."

"Yes, hit 'er up," added Jabez, glancing anxiously back, "we're not afraid. People'll be askin' us where the hearse is if we poke along like this."

"Very well," said Delancey, going ahead at full speed, "I think we'll be able to get around in good time."

A big touring car shot out of a cross street a few minutes later, and in order to avoid a collision it was necessary for Delancey to make a sudden swerve.

Mr. McAdam, who had leaned over for the purpose of pulling the robes well around Ursula, clutched wildly to save himself from being hurled against her, and struck the Rev. Arthur Montgomery Simms-Sinclair a heavy blow on the back of the head.

"Beg your pardon, reverend," he said, "I didn't mean it. First time in my life that I ever hit a man from behind. Here. Try some of McAdam's Ready Relief. If you ain't afraid of germs put this in your contribution box next Sunday and call it square."

"I'm glad to say," the minister scornfully replied, "that the church has not been reduced to the necessity of accepting funds given in such a spirit."

"All right. Maybe I can make a hit with it somewhere else. I hope," McAdam continued as the reverend gentleman began rubbing his head, "there's no hard feelins."

When they stopped in front of the home of the Widow Sturgis, Miss Allen and Delancey went in to deliver a bundle. While they stood in the hall waiting for the good woman's lame son—who had lost an overwhelming majority of his toes flipping cars—to summon her from the kitchen, the gentleman wiped some grease from his knuckles and glanced anxiously around, saying:

"When I called on you this afternoon I had a distinct purpose in mind, but this is the first chance I have had to mention it. May I tell you now what I have been longing ever since—"

He was interrupted by Mr. Simms-Sinclair, who rushed in to say that he considered it his duty to leave a spiritual message with the provisions. After him came Jabez McAdam, who had just remembered that Mrs. Sturgis might be in need of ready money, and he begged that lady, as she came forward with expressions of gratitude and five more of her children, to accept a bill which he put into her hand.

"You see," he explained, "I've been a mighty busy man, and I guess I've neglected a lot of things I ought of done long ago. Thank heaven there's widows and orphans I can still help. What did your husband die of?"

"A tobacco heart, poor man," the widow replied. "But he bore up brave to the last, and was smokin' an hour before it happened. If he could only of held on a little longer he'd of left enough cigar coupons to get little Jimmie an open-faced watch."

"Some people may be too good to touch money with anything but tongs," the philanthropist said to Ursula, "but if there's any shortage of peace on earth and good will toward men in this town to-night it won't be my fault."

"It was very noble of you to do that," she replied, "I'm so glad you came along. And—and—of course your money isn't tainted, is it?"

"I consider it no more than proper, Mr. McAdam," the minister made haste

to say as they were starting forward again, "to warn you of the danger of giving money promiscuously. When you toss your lucre into people's laps you rob them of self-reliance, their most precious possession. Help is like whiskey. A little of it may occasionally be beneficial, but it is likely to be demoralizing when given too freely."

"Never mind," Jabez answered. "this is Christmas eve, and I know of lots better things than trying to get people to sing hosannas on empty stomachs."

Shortly before they arrived at the residence of Mrs. Mercedes Lynch, Delancey, while steering with one hand and endeavoring with the other to turn up the lights, ran into a coal wagon. But fortunately, beyond interrupting the reverie of the driver who was placidly delaying a street car, no damage was done.

MR. MCADAM WAS DETERMINED TO SIT BESIDE MISS ALLEN

The three gentlemen accompanied Miss Allen on her errand of mercy to the cottage, where Mrs. Lynch met them at the door and, having accepted Ursula's gift, informed them that she had just received a letter from the son who was her only support and comforter. He had arrived at San Francisco—she didn't know just where from—and intended to come home as soon as she could raise the money to pay his way.

"There," said Jabez McAdam, stripping a bill from his roll, "that'll help some, I guess. Don't be afraid. I didn't make it out of oil or copper, and I'm no life insurance president, either."

"What a splendid giver you are," Miss Allen observed as the door closed behind them; "it would take her months to earn that much."

"Yes," added Delancey, "it will be of great assistance. The poor boy can use it to tip the porters on his way home—or buy souvenirs."

They were scorching past a grocery when Ursula called out:

"Please stop a minute. I must get some raisins for the Willis children. Poor little things! Their mother has only part of one lung left, and their father hasn't been able to do anything since he was hurt celebrating the first of July."

"Certainly," Jabez McAdam agreed, "there's nothing like raisins for the little ones. I heard a doctor say one time if children could have all the raisins they wanted there'd be less crime in the world. I'll buy a whole box for 'em."

They all went in together and Ursula gave her order. While the grocer was tying up the package Mr. Simms-Sinclair pulled out his watch and petulantly said:

"I wonder why anybody ever is foolish enough to want to get married at six o'clock on Christmas eve? It's positively ridiculous."

He and Miss Allen stood a little apart from the others and, looking up with a smile which caused him to forget that it was 5.27, she asked:

"Don't you think it adds a touch of sacredness to get married at such a time?"

"On second thought," he answered, "I believe I do. If—if you, for instance, were to—"

"Oh," she exclaimed, hurrying to

the door, "there's somebody at the auto. We must look after our bundles."

She rushed out, with the rector trotting at her side. Jabez McAdam fell over a box of crackers in his haste to get to the street, and Delancey fled for fresh air as if the last breath of it had been going at a premium.

"Here!" shouted the grocer; "who's payin' for these raisins?"

"Bring 'em out," McAdam called back, "and fetch my hat, will you? I'll do the settlin'".

"I wish," the Reverend Mr. Simms-Sinclair said to Delancey, "that you would permit me to run this machine a while. It seems to me that you are not getting half enough speed out of it. I drove Mr. Fairweather's 40-horsepower Excelsior all summer, you know, and every minute is becoming precious."

While Jabez was paying for the raisins Delancey took the seat beside Miss Allen in the tonneau, telling the reverend gentleman to go ahead and do the driving if he thought he would be an improvement.

It happened that a man in a buggy was coming rapidly down the street, for which reason McAdam jumped up beside the rector, without waiting to file a protest. They were off with a series of irregular explosions and before arriving at the next stopping place the Rev. Arthur Montgomery Simms-Sinclair had torn a wheel from a butcher's cart, upset an express wagon and smashed through a crate of geese, much to the delight of Miss Allen, who declared that it was perfectly splendid.

There was sadness in the home of the Willises. Little Mabel, who received the visitors, informed them that her mother was worse. The doctor had just left, and the child's father was away at a raffle, proving his patriotism and doing his best for the happiness of the helpless ones whom the Lord had confided to his care.

As they were leaving, Mr. McAdam turned and, handing something to the little girl, said:

"Take that up to your mother and tell her it came from Jabez McAdam a man who has just found out that the greatest joy a person can have comes from giving boons where they don't know what a boon looks like. Jerusalem!" he continued as he hurried out where the others were getting into the car, "I'm glad to know there's so much sufferin' right here around home where a fellow can do something for the ones that's down. I'm goin' to put in regular hours, after this, makin' people happy."

It was two miles to the next stopping place, and the reverend driver was in no mood to spend the precious moments in idle dalliance. The light snow flakes stung their faces angrily; they jolted blithely across street railway tracks, and when they went around corners it was like looping the loop without police interference.

"This is glorious," cried Ursula as they missed a carriage-block by a quarter of an inch, but before she could give further expression to her enthusiasm Jabez McAdam emitted a yell of horror and Delancey put his hands over his face. Immediately in front of the whizzing car was a baby carriage, which had suddenly gone down an incline from the sidewalk into the middle of the street. There was a shout from the people who were looking on, and then a crash.

Ursula opened her eyes, to see, far behind, the baby carriage, still upright, while fragments of what had once been a peanut stand were dropping around it.

"I must congratulate you, Delancey," said the rector, "on the splendid working of your steering gear. Even the poorest machine on the market has its good points."

"But that unfortunate Italian man!' Ursula complained, "I'm afraid this will not be a merry Christmas for him."

"Don't worry about the Eyetalian," Jabez McAdam answered, "I'll see that he gets a new outfit. Before I take another ride in this kind of a thing with a preacher at the helm, though, I'm goin' to find out about my heart. Say, reverend, would you mind bearin' down a bit on the slow pedal?"

The gentleman at the wheel evidently considered it beneath his dignity to reply, but, calling back to Delancey, he asked what time it was. It was

eighteen minutes to six. They still had three calls to make and, even with the best of luck, the minister knew that he would not have a moment to spare. That couple must be married at six o'clock in order to catch a train, for which reason Mr. Simms-Sinclair had to be on time. He put on the high-speed, swung around a corner so swiftly that Miss Allen had difficulty in keeping herself from being flung into Delancey's arms, and after ripping a few spokes from one of the wheels of a delivery wagon they stopped in front of the house at which the turkey was to be left.

"Let me carry it," said Jabez McAdam, as Ursula was handing out the bird.

"No," the rector protested, "this family belongs in my parish, and I must accompany Miss Allen with her gift. A spiritual blessing should go with the fowl."

While they were contending for possession of the turkey a policeman rushed upon them from nobody knew where, and, grasping the Rev. Arthur Montgomery Simms-Sinclair by the shoulder, informed that gentleman that he was under arrest for exceeding the speed limit.

"My good man," the rector argued, "you don't understand the situation. You see—"

"I know all about it," the officer interrupted. "The whole force has been ordered to look out for you people. Does any of your friends want to come along to the station?"

"You see," said Delancey, scenting a chance to get rid of the preacher, "what happens when you disregard the law. I might have driven just as fast as you did if I had wished to ignore the regulations. The law is too important a thing to be scorned, even when people are waiting to be married at six o'clock."

"Mr. McAdam," Ursula appealed, "can't you have this matter settled? There must be some way. You are a man of business, and know about such things. Please do something."

There was a tremor in her voice that made the clergyman glad in spite of his predicament, but which did not appeal at that moment to Jabez McAdam, who replied as he directed a reproachful look at Mr. Simms-Sinclair:

"I'm afraid he'll have to settle it at the station house. The majesty of the law must be upheld. What would become of our free and easy—I mean equal—institutions if everybody was as careless about obeyin' the statutes as him?"

"But," the clergyman protested, "I have no desire to evade justice. You can put up a forfeit for me, and I'll go around to-morrow, or whenever they want me to, to answer the charge in person. Unfortunately I have only a few dollars in my pocket, and—good heaven, man, if you don't help me out of this I shall be unable to marry those people at six o'clock."

Somehow neither Jabez McAdam nor P. Wilmering Delancey appeared to think that would be a public misfortune; but further developments quickly followed.

"Come," said the policeman, "them that don't want to go along get out."

"What do you mean?" demanded Mr. Delancey. "This auto belongs to me."

"Oh, it does, does it? Then you can come along and prove your property."

"But we're in a hurry."

"Yez acted like it. So am I. Are yez all goin' or not?"

Delancey assumed a threatening attitude, and Ursula cried out:

"Please, Mr. Delancey, don't hurt him—for *my* sake."

As she spoke his heels went up in the air, his hat was knocked into the gutter, and for a few impressive seconds he forgot that Christmas was coming.

"I—I won't," he sadly replied when the policeman had flung him into the automobile and told him to stay there. Then, addressing Jabez, the rumpled young gentleman said:

"You'll have to get us out of this. They'll make us give bonds, and you can—"

"Excuse me," Mr. McAdam interrupted, maintaining a high moral air, "my conscience won't let me do it. The dignity of the law's got to be respected. Miss Allen and me can carry the bundles around, and I guess you

and the reverend will have to cancel your engagements for the rest of the evening."

"This is a poor time to jest," the rector protested. "You have plenty of money with you to induce them to let us go, and it is your duty as a gentleman to act in our behalf."

"I think," replied Jabez, who believed all things were fair in love, war and business, "that you made a few remarks not long ago about it being demoralizin' to be too free with money. I'm not in the demoralizin' line just now. I'm a law-abidin' man myself, and it would be a blow at the bulwarks of the government if I was to prevent the statutes from takin' their course."

Seeing that the case was hopeless the clergyman got into the tonneau with the officer, and, bidding Miss Allen a sorrowful good-bye, they left her with the righteous McAdam and the bundles.

On the way to the police station the Rev. Arthur Montgomery Simms-Sinclair happened to place one of his feet on something soft and bulky. Reaching down, he clutched a large wad of bills.

"Hello!" he cried to Delancey, "look at this. McAdam's roll!"

The automobile was brought to a sudden stop, and after negotiations that were brief but satisfactory to all parties the officer got out, wishing his former prisoners a merry Christmas.

To be continued.

IN JANUARY

BY SARA HAMILTON BIRCHALL

THE lake is heavy with ice
And long, low waves come in,
Slow and reluctant to break
With a curling edge of foam:
The ragged clouds go by,
And the winter world is brown,
Brown and empty of singing birds and bees.
"Where? where? where?"
The bluejay creaks in the pine,
"Where? where? where?
Is summer and love and song?"
For the birds have southward flown,
And the hives are sleeping and still,
Sleeping and still,
But the willows will bloom again,
And the dusty bees come home
With the tang and the sweet of spring.

A RURAL CINDERELLA

BY GRACE WILLIAMSON WILLETT

THE wind blew so stormily that Barbara could hardly brace herself against it, but she leaned against a ledge of Turnip Rock and gazed at the dull tint of the sunset and the break of the rolling waves with absent eyes.

"I've been waiting and waiting," she brooded despairingly. "Oh, won't he ever come! It's getting stupider and stupider every day and I can't bear to wait much longer. I won't mind if his hair isn't brown if he only comes soon."

At that moment behind her, a sudden footstep interrupted her musings and startled her into turning. Her heart bounded curiously as her expectant eyes saw a square-shouldered young man in gray with a soft hat crushed in his hand and the wind blowing his hair straight up from his forehead, and his hair—heavens—his hair was brown.

"Good afternoon," he said in a good natured, boyish voice. "May I have some of your sunset?"

"Oh yes," Barbara replied civilly, turning her face again toward the water and sky, yet excitedly watching him from the corner of her right eye.

"Do you live near here?" the man began, deciding that he needed no introduction to a girl who wore a shawl, "I used to know all the people here in Fairford. My name's Hull, Harold Hull. You know my father, I guess. He's the banker."

"Oh, yes." Barbara faced him eagerly. It is impossible to be conventional on a stormy day. "But you haven't been here for seven years."

"I'm not keen for the scenes of my childhood. Montreal's the place for me. I'm up here to see the old folks for awhile"

"Montreal!" Barbara's heart jumped in joyful affright as she realized the significance of these few words; that, at last, before her stood a man from a great city and that he had found her at sunset alone on Turnip Rock. That his hair was brown, really brown, seemed the last bit of evidence she needed.

"I suppose you come down here often," Harold continued

"Oh yes, every day, until harvest time—I just hate harvest time! The men are so dirty and they eat so much. I have to help with the meals all day long"

Harold threw back his head with a jolly laugh. Barbara approved his laugh and immediately she began to free her dislikes quite intimately.

"I may share your sunset again sometime," Harold graciously told her as the sun disappeared and they turned to go.

Barbara watched his brisk step until her favorite pine tree barred the vision. She loitered all the way home through the shadowy woods and near the fence of the "forty acre," that she might memorize every word he had spoken. She was trilling softly, "He's come. He's come!" when she saw her mother waiting for her in the doorway

"Bab," she cried, "we're going to have company! Your cousin Dora's coming from Detroit!"

Barbara hated to hear anyone scream and therefore she did not answer immediately. "Dora's a stuck up minx," she argued bitterly to herself. "she's never wanted to come before and why should she happen to now?"

She reached the verandah and lagged sullenly up the steps saying aloud:

"I suppose I'll have to go around with her all the time?"

"Why Bab, how you talk! And your own cousin too Well, that's what comes of letting you ramble off by yourself. Your manners are getting

something awful." And her mother fiercely returned to frying potatoes.

Barbara pushed out her lips and started to set the table. Nobody ever understood her; she hated the great blue flowers on the dishes, the cracked yellow handles of the knives and the coarse cloth. Well, it wouldn't last much longer, thank fortune, and when she had been carried off to the city her mother would be sorry that they hadn't used napkins on the table for common. She could hear the storm beginning to break outside and she thought gloomily:

"What if it rains to-morrow! Would *he* stay with his mother or go out for a walk? Would *he* care to walk as far as Turnip Rock if the grass were soggy? I don't mind rain much, but I suppose that folks from the city don't like to get their feet wet Oh dear, oh dear! I never get a chance to talk to anyone but Frank or the harvest hands. And I *won't* talk to them....My! *He* has such a beautiful voice. And how blue *his* eyes were!"

Although the rain ceased during the night and the morning sun shone brightly, the day was sultry and warm. Barbara slipped away as soon as the dinner dishes were washed. It would be much cooler watching the waves from Turnip Rock. But she watched them alone.

"Of course it's a long walk from town, and this weather is so sticky," she thought miserably. "But his hair is such a lovely brown! And I always knew that *he* would be tall."

"You're awful late, to-night," her mother called to her crossly when she returned home. "Frank just came over to borrow a hammer. He says he'll drive you down to the station to-night to get Dora."

"Oh Frank, Frank, Frank." Barbara combed her hair impudently at the speckled mirror. "He's always around. Paw could have hitched up as well as not."

"Now don't fly off the handle. Frank is such a nice boy. And the way you talk about him is something awful. Most of the girls around here wouldn't forget that his father owns the best wheat fields in this part of Manitoba."

Barbara shrugged her shoulders and put a black ribbon in her hair. She wondered if Dora would have on an empire dress and a sash. Well, she wouldn't be obliged to talk to Frank on the way back. That was one comfort.

Dora turned out to be much more lovable than Barbara had supposed. She wore only her oldest clothes around the house and said frequently:

"Let me wash the dishes, Barbara, I never do it at home," or

"Let me pump the water. I think it's lots of fun. This is such a queer old pump."

Barbara did not enjoy washing dishes and she began to think she should be fond of Dora until—as they strolled home from the post-office one afternoon and Dora wore a ruffled blue dress, they met Harold. As he rapidly approached for an introduction, he sent ahead several enthusiastic smiles.

"My cousin from Detroit, Mr. Hull," said Barbara, after she had solemnly introduced them:

"From Detroit? Good for you, Miss Page? I'm from Montreal. Well, we won't be able to quarrel about our cities at any rate. People are supposed to do that first, you know."

"I could easily quarrel about Montreal—all loud noises and dingy clouds." Dora tossed him an attractive smile.

"Well, they used to have silver linings before we raised so many millionaires! As for noises, what about that waddling ferry boat to Belle Isle?"

"It waddles very artistically," Dora cried in a hurt tone, and they began to laugh.

"Wasn't that enough of a quarrel to make us friends?" Dora's eyes coquetted with his.

"Yes, indeed," Harold answered, warmly, "and how long are you going to be here, Miss Page?"

Barbara's ear caught the trace of tenderness in Harold's voice, and she wished she were at the rocks alone; alone so that she could cry and let the murmur of the pine trees comfort her. Surely it was Dora's fault that he had spoken so, and Dora had no right to look at him the way she did and wear such enchanting ruffles. Barbara tried

to keep the tears out of her eyes while Harold lingered with them all the way to the farm house.

"There's going to be a country dance to-morrow night, Miss Page. Wouldn't it be jolly to look on?" Harold came back to say after he had reluctantly started down the lane.

"Oh, what fun!" she answered, gleefully.

"Oh, no, they're not," Barbara spoke up, severely. "I hate country dances."

"But you'll go just this once, Barbara. Let's see! You can get that nice, tow-headed Frank to take you," Dora gracefully arranged the matter. "I hope it's far. I love drives along these country roads by moonlight, don't you, Mr. Hull?"

* * * * * *

Yellow clouds rose from the cornmeal on the floor and the light glimmered dully from the lamps ranged in tin holders along the walls. The organ wheezed, the fiddle wailed, and the men shouted to one another as they tightly whirled the girls on the corners and heavily scraped "forward and back."

"Look at the girl with a thistle on her waist," cried Dora, much amused at the scene and wondering whether the pink rose in her own hair were really as bewitching as Harold had told her it was.

"Some man squeezed her too tight," laughed Harold.

Barbara looked at him, sadly. This was not the Harold she had met on the rocks. She herself disliked the whole scene, the hot faces and the coaxing laughter of the girls.

"You ladies and gents please couple up," called the floor manager, "the next will be a waltz."

"Let's dance this one," proposed Dora. "You take Barbara, Mr. Hull. I want Frank to teach me the Fairford glide."

Barbara imagined that she was in Montreal or Paris at a great ball, that the floor was waxed and the girls wore fragrant satin dresses. She vibrated with the excitement of keeping step with some one. The hazy yellow cloud seemed to shut her in alone with Harold. The slight pressure of his guiding hand thrilled her, and she laughed softly, murmuringly. "You love him," whispered her heart timidly, and she answered back boldly, "Of course I love him."

When the dance ended and Harold hastened to return to Dora, Barbara was still in her daze of delight. She wanted to say over and over again, "I love him." She could tell the pine trees to-morrow, "I love him." She smiled dreamily at Frank; sweet smiles on which patient, gentle Frank drifted into her own realm of enchantment.

"Let's go out where it's cool," he suggested, plaintively. And they wandered through the open door into the pale, fresh night. A garden of sweet peas tempted them, and Barbara began to break off the pink and white flowers that she might bury her nostrils in their odor and think, "I love him."

"I like this dance," she murmured, with the flowers cooling her half-closed eyes.

"It's fine, it's all right," Frank's gentle voice trembled. "It's good of you to let me bring you. I wish you'd always go around with me, Barbara."

Barbara hardly heard him, for a delightfully naughty thought pierced her dreams.

"Oh, Frank, this is Mrs. Cuney's garden, isn't it? The old miseress. My, won't she be angry. Well, she's at the dance and will never know who picked her sweet peas." And they wandered on until Dora's voice reached them inquiringly from the doorway.

"Where are you, Barbara? We're going home!"

Barbara's contentment lasted only over night. When Harold appeared and again devoted himself to advancing his friendship with Dora, Barbara's jealousy began to stir itself. Why was he teasing Dora, smiling into her eyes and neglecting his duty as a deliverer to Barbara?

One morning at the breakfast table, Dora looked up from a letter.

"Aunt Mary, I have to go home! Papa's to start west to-morrow, and mamma'll be all alone. I don't want to go a bit. I never had such a splendid time in my life. Yes," with her eyes thoughtfully upon the clock,

"I can easily catch the five o'clock train and be home before papa leaves."

Barbara spilled coffee spots on the table. At last what she longed for had happened, and by five o'clock Dora would no longer be able to delay the love that belonged to Barbara.

Harold sauntered in during the afternoon, and Barbara's love-keen eye reported less consternation on his part than she had expected. The three sat in the parlor, Dora and Harold teasing one another as usual; but Barbara was slowly calculating:

"He will hardly miss her, two, three days—and he will come to me. When you love a person he always comes. Not more than three days, I feel it."

Dora's voice interrupted:

"Barbara, dear,won't you—wouldn't you like to—put this book in my suit case."

When Barbara returned noiselessly through the dining room she saw a strange sight. Near the organ stood Harold and Dora very close together. Indeed, one of his arms was around her and the hand of the other upturned her chin. As Barbara watched, numb and terror-stricken—oh, horror—oh, sight never to be forgiven! he kissed her on the mouth—once, twice,—and Barbara fled.

Through the dining room, down the lane, and toward the woods she went, never stopping, never thinking.

The smooth pine needles beneath her feet soothed her, the loud dash of the waves sought to comfort her, and she sank down on Turnip Rock. She had seen Harold kiss Dora; that was enough. She wondered when they would be married. Dora would make a beautiful bride. Barbara began to cry; of course now she could never leave this stupid country place.

She sat there until she heard the shrill whistle of the outgoing train and until the cool dusk came up from the water and the rocks grew black.

At last a gentle voice disturbed the misty sadness of her thoughts:

"Oh, here you are. Your mother sent me to look for you. Where have you been, Barbara? Dora's gone and you weren't there to say good-bye."

But Barbara made no reply. Dora and Harold would be married soon. How sympathetic Frank's step sounded! Barbara raised her lonely, tear-stained face. Frank stooped, and a beam of understanding love responded to her need.

"Oh—my—dear," his voice said, haltingly.

His arms went around her—gentle and comforting! Barbara did not struggle against them.

HERE'S THE END OF DREAMLAND

BY HORATIO WINSLOW

HERE'S the end of Dreamland, here's the Road of Day;
Kiss me of your kindness and let me go my way.

All the hours we squandered, all the miles we went.
They were the gold of Dreamland and all the gold is spent.

Hard and hard, O Heart of Me, overhard it seems—
Lord, the pleasant palaces....in the Land of Dreams.

The Changeling

by Madge Macbeth

Author of "The Intruders" etc.

Illustrated by L. J. Herndon

Fay Chester, an orphan, was the daughter of a clergyman who had married an actress of the emotional school. The girl's temperament combined the physical magnetism of her mother with the keen intellect of her father. Escaping from the too ardent attentions of one of her admirers, Gordon Wylde, she makes a visit to her cousin, Chester Sayre and his wife, Lorna, who are not only in poor circumstances but are struggling under the burden of Chester's continued ill-health. In their adversity, Chester's friend, Clinton Northrop, is a tower of strength, lending them his advice and help in all their difficulties. Lorna unconsciously compares the two men, her husband and Clinton Northrop, and finds herself wishing that her husband were more like Northrop in character, as he is, oddly enough, in looks. On the other hand, Northrop's interest in Lorna's strong personality grows, day by day. Fay, in the meantime, becomes somewhat disturbed in spirit when Gordon Wylde comes to town to renew his attentions to her. She rejects his suit and he distresses her by suggesting that Lorna and Clinton Northrop are in love with each other. Chester becomes much worse and is sent to a sanitarium at Saranac. Meanwhile, Clinton remains to protect Laura. Fay meets Mrs. Patterson and her son, Robert, at a summer resort and resents a rudeness of Mrs. Patterson's. Meeting Robert, she decides to punish his mother through him.

CHAPTER XII.—Continued

Robert closed his eyes, and leaned back against a sand hill some children had built. In doing so, his hand touched Fay's and he took it gently in his own.

"What a tiny excuse for a real hand," he said smiling. "What can you do with it?"

"Things," was the lazy answer.

Robert pressed his strong fingers around Fay's hand. Although he hurt her, she made no sound, passively bearing the pain. The more she saw of Patterson, the better she liked him, the more he impressed her as being absolutely congenial, the more she felt the absence of the brute force, which so permeated Gordon's strong personality. His looks, his manner, his tones were caressing, but with a gentleness and tenderness quite new to her. She had ceased, days ago, making an effort to please him, and was perhaps for the first time in her life, quite natural and unconscious of herself. She felt so secure with Robert. Even now that he held her hand in his close grip there seemed nothing more in it than a boyish pleasure in exhibiting his superior strength.

"Have I hurt you?" he asked anxiously, looking at the white marks his fingers made. "Why didn't you say something; I wouldn't hurt you for worlds. Poor little hand!" He stroked it with a woman's gentleness.

"I liked it," the girl said, absently.

"What?"

"I feel as though I *should* be hurt sometimes. Generally it is I, who do the hurting; all those who have loved me best, have been hurt the most. I am a sort of vampire, I think."

"What nonsense! How could you hurt anybody?" Robert was quite contemptuous.

A shadow crossed Fay's face, and suddenly she felt oppressed by something she could not define.

"Wait," she answered, sadly, "perhaps you will see."

Gordon had been gone three weeks. During that time Patterson was Fay's constant companion, much to the disgust of the other men in the hotel.

For the first time in her life she was not quite honest with herself, finding it hard to get a good perspective on the scene. It was something of a surprise to discover how little she missed the stimulus of Gordon's presence, and how satisfied she was, how happy, living for three weeks without the excitement of fencing, parrying, watching the danger signals.

She told herself it was all in the game, this teaching the young idea to shoot, that it was doing Robert good, and her, no harm; and she took such pleasure in being able to relax. Not that Robert was a nonentity—quite the reverse; he had strong opinions and expressed himself in a totally unbiased manner, listening deferentially to Fay's argument, then reducing it to pulp and constructing a better one in its stead. Gordon never did that, he either agreed with her or expressed the diametrically opposite view with such pedagogic intolerance as to infuriate her, leaving no hope for a mild compromise. Fay soon was conscious that even in differing from Robert, she was never irritated by him at the close of an argument; though they stood upon their opposite pinnacles, and waved the red flag of defiance, there was yet a smile in their eyes.

And even had she not taken real pleasure in having him with her, the Pagan tempted her cruelly, at times, to revel in her revenge, and to enjoy Mrs. Patterson's impotent, helpless rage.

She wondered what would happen when Gordon came back. Robert would not lie down in his corner, and certainly Wylde would make things uncomfortable for them both, if the boy interfered with him. Fay colored angrily as she pictured his contempt when he realized that she had given the whole of her time to such a—what would he call Robert?—ah, yes, a calf. And why calf? Because he knew nothing of the brute, so rampant in most men, because he knew nothing of any mastery save manliness, and he had never seen the world.

Oh, if it could only last!

She tried not to look ahead to the time which must come, when Robert would have the right to demand something of her, though it were only an answer. He learned the uses and abuses of society with uncanny rapidity, there were even moments when Fay doubted that *she* taught him, and they had never avoided the topic of love. The crucial hour came sooner than she expected.

The moon peeped fretfully out from behind a bank of inky clouds, at one instant making a silver pathway from the end of the pier to the sky line; displeased with that effect, she pettishly hid, throwing half the distance into shadow, and leaving only a tiny, gleaming spot where the sea and sky merged into one. A launch, gaily decked with Japanese lanterns puffed across the silver streak, blending its yellow lights with the colder, bluer gleams of the moon, and the sibilant hiss of the breakers was a fit and musical accompaniment.

Altogether the scene was so natural as to be unreal.

"Why do you smile?" asked Robert; he and Fay sat in their favorite spot on the pier.

"I was waiting for Gwendolyn to plunge from the side of the boat into the sea, crying, 'Better this watery grave than a loveless life with thee,'" she answered. "I feel like a play-lady to-night, boy. Let's pretend."

Patterson shook his head. "I'll be the audience, you go ahead."

So Fay threw herself with her old time joy into half a dozen roles; at one instant tragic; then, before Robert could brush the moisture from his eyes, she would do some bit of mimicry, so exaggerated, as to send him into fits of laughter.

"You are a witch," he said finally, "sometimes I am afraid of you."

There was silence for a moment during which Fay was again conscious of her accusing sense of honor, warning her that the day of reckoning was near, that she was not playing fair.

"Fay—Fay," the boy mused. "What a queer, lovable little name. What does it mean?"

"It means 'fairy'. My mother used always to call me 'Changeling,' because she said the fairies changed me when I was born, and put this," tapping

herself, "in the place of what I was really intended to be."

"The Changeling," Robert repeated, "Splendid! You certainly are a changeling in more senses than one. What are other girls like?"

"Why don't you try to know them, and find out for yourself?"

"Oh, I can't be bothered. They all seem so senseless, and made up, or something."

"But you might never have known me if you had preserved that attitude. As a matter of fact, Bobbie, I flung myself at you; I deliberately planned it all. in a fit of rage, and now" her voice sank to a whisper, the sadness of which made Robert ache; "now I don't know the answer, it has turned out too well."

Patterson took her hand, quietly, lovingly.

"Tell me about it, dear," he said.

Fay began at the time of her visit to the Sayres, putting Chester's love for his wife, and Lorna's fine, unfailing loyalty to him, in the beautiful light it deserved, touching upon Northrop's position toward them, and the nobility of his sacrifices; she hinted at his mother's evident dislike for Lorna, and finally related her conversation on the hotel verandah and Mrs. Patterson's base and groundless insinuation.

"I confess, I never have been so ungovernably angry in all my life," she continued slowly, "and Bobbie, I burned for revenge; I wanted to hurt your mother, hurt her more than she hurt me, and the only way I could be sure of that, was through you."

Robert held her hand a shade closer, and nodded, in silence.

"I left the hotel, and raced along the sands until I found you. I was going to *make* you like me—love me—and Bobbie, now you see, I am—" she hesitated.

Robert leaned forward and looked earnestly into her eyes. They were wide open, staring past him into the silver patch on the water, and even then their gaze seemed to hold more

PATTERSON WAS FAY'S CONSTANT COMPANION

than the glittering moonlight. He waited for her to speak, and when she did not he raised her soft little hand to his lips, questioning.

"Now you are—sorry?"

The girl bent her head.

"Is it because you like me?"

Fay did not answer.

Robert Patterson drew a deep breath and a new light came into his eyes; at that instant he put away childish things—the boy was a man.

"I have, at last, something to thank the mater for," he said with feeling, "if she gave me you, Fay, little Fay. I love you—love you; you are life, love, God to me! Ah, you smile," he went on softly, making each word a caress, "no matter! You will at least be kind, for you have admitted you like me. You will give me a chance?" he begged.

Fay laid her hand gently on his head. Her eyes were swimming, and her voice choked with tears. This was her revenge!

"What kind of chance do you want, Bobbie?"

"I want the chance of showing you what I can do for you, of showing you what my love is like, greater than any other you have ever known. I want you to realize that I am not a boy but a man, and that I owe that very manhood to you! I don't want you to like me, from your height, my darling, I want to come up to you that you may love me—" he hesitated, "I want you to—marry me."

"*Bobbie!*"

The cry was involuntary, for although this was, of course, the culmination of the scheme, success in its essence, and just what she expected, yet at the moment, Fay was taken unawares. Why? Because she was not prepared to say "No!"

Marry Bobbie! Yes, she had thought of it—at least she had not rejected the idea when it occurred to her. For although she did not consider herself a "marrying woman" she always looked into the future, seeing herself the happy wife of someone. And now, why not Bobbie? Of course his mother was a thorn, but they could put the ocean between themselves and her, if necessary for peace. But there was Gordon—

As if reading her thoughts aloud, Patterson said:

"Are you hesitating because of Wylde, Fay; do you love him?"

The girl shook her head, and answered positively, "Not in the least! Only—only—I was wondering how it would turn out—if I married you, Bobbie. Gordon loves me in his way, just now loves me perhaps more than he has ever loved before, and he is not a man to accept defeat. It is too melodramatic to conjecture possible contingencies, and I do not think of myself—but of you. Gordon would not consider *you*, at all, and even if he did no more than make me conspicuous by his attention, would you understand, would you be jealous?"

"Jealous?" Robert repeated the word.

"Well, perhaps that does not convey the right idea. You must realize that I have given my undivided time to you here, that you have never seen me the object of any other man's attention; would you be miserable, unhappy, injured? I want you to understand me," she went on, earnestly, "before we discuss anything else. My ideas of marriage are, as you know, somewhat unique. Not that I want to pose as being original or good, in the least. These same ideas suit *me*, that's all; though I *do* believe that, if more people adopted them, there would be appreciably fewer unhappy married people in the world."

"Yes, I want to hear."

"For instance, I expect to live my life independent of my husband, as far as I please or he pleases; that we see no more of each other after, than—say, we do now. Isn't that enough?" she laughed, with sudden shyness, laying her hand on his. "Familiarity is abhorrent to me, and I have lived so much alone, I could not be happy seeing someone beside me every time I raised my eyes. I expect to amuse myself as I choose, and accept such attention as is given me—it is my only form of dissipation, the mental stimulus

of 'outside talent' as it were, though I should like to have your trust and confidence, knowing that none of the conventionalities would be violated, except perhaps a possible few with which maiden ladies of soured dispositions, hedge themselves. My husband is asked to do the same; to enjoy what pleasures he likes, provided those pleasures do not place me in an equivocal position before the world. I marry to gain something—protection, respect—not to have something taken away."

Robert was silent. He seemed to have known Fay was going to say these things, he anticipated her words. It was as though he had asked her to be his wife knowing all this, there was no necessity for her to tell him.

"I expect my rooms to be as much mine, as they are to-day, Bobbie. It is a form of selfishness, I know, but I refuse to surrender anything; I will be myself, not a part of my husband. There is no need for either of us to surrender anything. Even love cannot stand the perpetual strain of sacrifices without a tremor, so with sufficient worldly means to be abundantly comfortable, and congenial tastes, we must not make the mistake of trying to live each other's lives. You know my pleasures, I know yours. If what I do does not appeal to you, do something else; grant me the same liberty. You love me as I am to-day, I *will* be just that same person—afterwards."

"You have only said what, knowing you, I expected," Robert interrupted, rubbing Fay's hand across his lips. "I can't imagine two people being happy *long*, under any other conditions, and if this is the hardest task you set me to prove my love for you, darling, you are too magnanimous, that's all. As for Wylde, or any other man, he will not cause me a moment's uneasiness. Will you not be *my wife?*"

Fay turned quickly, and looked at her companion, startled. The simple sweetness of those last two words thrilled her with a happiness, a peace, quite new to her, and she laid her cheek against Robert's sleeve.

"I will marry you, Bobbie dear," she whispered, tremulously.

CHAPTER XIII.

The morning's mail brought a long letter from Gordon.

"I am charmed with this place, and have been particularly lucky in combining business with pleasure until recently, when I was able to eliminate business, altogether. If business interferes with pleasure, give up business, you know.

"How I wish for you here! The days are warm, uncomfortably so, but the nights—well any description of mine would be ludicrous, so I will not risk it. After dinner, I stroll for an hour on the verandah of the hotel, trying to imagine you are beside me (we will surely come here on our honeymoon) and watch the dark-eyed beauties pass, peeping coquettishly at the bystanders from behind their fans. No women flirt like these; for, although there are many more subtle, there are none so open about it, and yet none draw one into the mesh with such ease.

"Me? Oh, I succumbed long ago, to the seductive charms of one Pepita—the name is hackneyed I know, but it can't be helped—who passes here every evening about nine, on her way to the park, where the band plays. Her eyes are large, when she opens them, and dreamy, even when half closed, and she swings along with more energy than her indolent sisters—her walk sometimes reminds me of you. Her hair is blue black and piled high on her head, ornamented with the inevitable *laso*.

"Were you to go into a shop and ask for a piece of ribbon, you would call it *casa*, but the instant you get it home, tie it into a bow, similating the spreading wings of the butterfly and pin this to your hair, the self same piece of ribbon becomes a *laso*, No Mexican woman's toilet is complete without it,—and by the way it is worn you may know what sort of person is the wearer—whether she be married or single, loved, loving or both.

"It is indicative of many other things; whether the day has been a success or not; whether the morrow holds out charms or curses. By it one can tell the age, station and degree of prosperity of the wearer; whether the family cat has had, or will have kittens, and how many—in fact the *laso* is the best all round barometer I have ever seen.

"Well, I gleaned from it that Pepita lived with her grandmother, and that they were fairly well to do; that she had two lovers—all Mexican girls must have at least two—and that the one she preferred was not the one who found favour in grandmother's eyes, hence these secret meetings in the park; in short I wove a sweetly pretty and fantastic romance about this maid of Mexico.

"Then—alas, then I saw her in the garish light of day; sans fan, sans coquetry, sans *laso*—and sans charm! The spell was broken—and while the shock was rude, it meant something to me. Oh, Fairy in my

heart! It taught me a little lesson, of which you will be glad to hear. Do you remember the time you talked to me about liking the '*ensemble*,' as it were, and not having the Bigness to understand 'mankind in the making'? How you cited the simple instance of the time it took to fix your veil properly, and you asked me to picture you done up in curl papers on a dismal February morning? Of course I know you were exaggerating to make the lesson plain, and I could not see it then, but now I understand. Stripped of the trivialities what does the skeleton mean to me? In your case, still the answer is the same—everything. I have thought it over in your way. We will live together, yet apart. I promise not to worry you with loving you; but, oh, Fay, you must be mine!"

The letter slipped from her hands, and she sighed. Up to the present moment Fay had not taken Gordon gravely into consideration although to test Bobbie she had mentioned the possibility of his continued attentions.

Now she felt the same consciousness of the man's power, his certainty that, ultimately, he would win. What chance would Bobbie stand against him?

Fay smiled whimsically. "It is surely a case of distance lending enchantment," she said to herself, "and if he would stay away, I could almost learn to love him."

Later in the day she sat on the beach with Robert, absently filling her lap with sand.

"What is bothering you?" asked the man, tenderly.

"How do you know anything is bothering me? Because I am quiet?"

Patterson shook his head.

"Oh, no! Did we not decide long ago that silence between us was our first real bond of sympathy?"

"Yes, Bobbie boy, we did! Dear Lord, how often have I longed for some one 'to be quiet with'! To most people my being silent was a sign of illness, peevishness or anxiety, I was forever being asked, 'What is the matter with you to-day'? My, it was tiresome! Are you sure you are not bored with me when I am quiet?" she asked seriously.

"Put your head down here," answered Patterson, touching his shoulder, "and tell me all about it. Perhaps I can guess—is it Wylde?"

Fay nodded.

"He makes you wonder whether you can be satisfied with a stupid lout like me?" The question was put without a shade of bitterness or jealousy.

"Bobbie, you are the dearest thing in the world! Put *your* head down here, I want to kiss your blessed slanting eyes."

"Well, do you want to tell me?"

Fay frowned a little. "It is only a feeling," she said, "and so hard to explain. You see I am awfully fond of Gordon, in a way, if he were less er—"

"Brutal," suggested Robert.

"That will do—yes, brutal. I think I might have loved him, but like the little girl with the curl, when he is clever he is so very clever, and strong, and splendid, and when he loses himself he is so weak and stupid, and horrid! Now suppose he should work a reformation and be always clever and strong, what would *we* do?"

"We?"

"Assuredly. I could not see you suffer, Bobbie, and you would not be human, knowing all you do, if you did not feel miserable seeing Gordon forever around me."

"You mean that you cannot give him up?"

"I mean that as long as he amused and stimulated me I would want him with me, him or any one else. Oh, dear, I can't make it plain, and perhaps you will learn to hate me."

To be continued.

A department of theatrical comment and gossip, edited by Currie Love and illustrated with portrait sketches from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell.

A DRESS REFORM ADVOCATE

ROBERT EDESON, like so many other stars this season, has had difficulty in finding a satisfactory play. His tour in *The Noble Spaniard* has collapsed, and he is back in New York rehearsing *A Man's A Man*, a new play by Anna Steese Richardson, for which he has great hopes.

Mr. Edeson is a most cheerful person. The collapse of his tour does not dismay him at all, even though his was a costume production, which usually entails additional expense and worry. He shrugs his shoulders, takes it as the fortune of war, and goes on his way rejoicing.

It is all the more surprising that Mr. Edeson should take this disaster so philosophically since there seems no reason in the world why the play should not have been a success. It is deliciously funny, is received with gales of laughter, and is admirably acted by Mr. Edeson, Gertrude Coghlan and a good company.

Mr. Edeson has one plank of philosophy which is usually accredited to the feminine mind. He believes in the morality of clothes.

He says: "I would so much rather play to a Canadian audience than to one in the United States, because over here in Canada, you all dress for the theatre. You put on evening clothes, and the house looks like an assemblage of well-bred and cultured people, who are inspiring to play to.

"The Yankees are too busy to dress for the theatre. Business suits and shirtwaist dresses are the rule, and you don't have the same satisfaction in playing to a house dressed in dark clothes.

"Personally, I want to dress for dinner every night. A bath and clean linen make a new man out of me—and I believe that if you change for dinner, you feel better, look better, get an appetite and are capable of better work."

Why not start a new idea in dress reform, based on Mr. Edeson's ideas? After all, it was a remarkably sane and truthful statement of fact, and the tired business man might not be half so tired if he'd heed the slogan, "dress for dinner"

BLANCHE WALSH

AN INTERESTING play of this season is *The Test*, which Blanche Walsh is using as her starring medium. In it Miss Walsh plays the part of a woman (Emma Eltynge) whose sweetheart has been arrested ten years before for forgery. She, in her grief over her lover's trouble, has given herself to his employer, on the understanding that the boy should be released, but the employer breaks faith with her and the boy thinks that she is responsible for

Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell
ROBERT EDESON
Starring in *A Man's a Man*

all his troubles and becomes more embittered against her with every day of his long sojourn in prison.

When he comes out of prison, he learns that the girl is still unmarried, and is supporting herself by giving music lessons. She has attracted the attention of a wealthy novelist, who is living in the slums for socialistic reasons, and who has asked her to marry him. This man's sister is in love with the employer who was responsible for Emma's unhappiness, and Emma feels that it is her duty to give some warning of the man's true character.

Then the story all comes out, the shame, the degradation that she has endured for all these years and the novelist, true to the ideas expressed in his writings, decides that Emma is still fit to become his wife. It is "the test".

Miss Walsh believes in the sincerity of the Canadians, she says. "One of the dearest recollections of my life is the honor that was offered me one night in Montreal, where I was playing a return engagement of *Fedora*. The citizens of the town presented me with a silver laurel wreath on a bed of violets. The presentation was made by the Mayor, and I was oh, so proud of it. Then, afterwards, the McGill students took the horses out of the shafts and drew my carriage to the hotel. It was one of the most beautiful tributes I have ever had.

"I love the West too, and Vancouver is, I think, the most beautiful city on this continent and the people in

Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

BLANCHE WALSH
Starring in *The Test*

Winnipeg are so delightful I always have such good houses there such responsive audiences. Why shouldn't. I love Canada?"

A FOOL THERE WAS.

WHEN Sir Philip Burne-Jones painted his wonderful picture, "The Vampire," he had no thought that he would inspire a Kipling to poetry and when the immortal Rudyard penned his verses, he probably had no idea that he should give Mr. Porter Emerson Browne the idea for a play, which has been the success of two seasons in New York and is now making good on the road.

A Fool There Was is frankly founded on the "Vampire," and copies of that poem, printed under a copy of the Burne-Jones picture, are distributed at each performance of the play, so that you are in a fit and proper mood to appreciate the fine points of the drama before it begins.

A remarkably well-acted play it is, too, Robert Hilliard as the Fool, Katherine Kaelred as the Lady, and William Courtleigh (born in Guelph, Ontario) as the Friend, being particularly suited to their parts.

Miss Kaelred, as the Vampire-Lady, is a study in the art of successful make-up, every detail of her appearance contributing to the effect of the snaky, the sinuous, the unwholesome. Her long, ringless fingers are waxen white, save at the tips where they are dyed a deep red. Her face, too, is very white, and her great eyes shine forth with a radiance that seems almost uncanny. She wears long, clinging, trailing gowns that fall in serpentine curves on the floor and every movement of her body, every tone of her voice, is designed to bear forth the original impression of her character.

Mr. Hilliard, too, has an unusual role in the Fool. The change from the alert, successful statesman of the first act to the decrepit, sodden, idiotic derelict of the last is a wonderful metamorphosis, and one of the most powerful pieces of acting seen on a modern stage.

The story is the old one of a man who leaves his wife and baby at home while he goes on a trip abroad, and who, during his absence, becomes infatuated with a vampire lady. In this case, the "woman who did not care" is an unusual type whose magnetism is so powerful and so unwholesome that the end of the man who loves her is—death.

The statesman follows his "lady fair" until he is "stripped to his foolish hide," until "honor and faith and a sure intent," are gone; until he has lost his wife, his friends and the respect of all who know him and then, just as his poor sodden brain begins to work again and he resolves to brace up, try to be a man and to regain some of his old standing among men, the Vampire-lady comes to see him, and in a last outburst of passion, he falls dead at her feet.

Pleasant, isn't it? And so weird, so horrible, that it haunts you for days, yet so powerful that you're glad you have seen it, if only to be spared the fate of the "fool who made his prayer to a rag and a bone and a hank of hair—even as you and I".

"GLAD"

THEATRICAL managers and audiences alike will tell you that a play with a religious *motif* does not pay, that an audience goes to the theatre to be amused, to be entertained, to laugh, to cry, not to moralize or reflect.

And yet, *The Dawn of a To-morrow* with its undercurrent of serious purpose, its background of religious thought, has been one of the biggest successes of Miss Eleanor Robson's career as a star.

This is, perhaps, due to the fact that the religious teaching is not obtruded on your notice nor crammed down your throat. It is concealed in the cheerful philosophy of Gladys Beverley Montmorency, commonly known as "Glad," who rules over Apple Blossom Court, a slum of "dear old Lunnon."

Apple Blossom Court, so called because it hasn't any apple blossoms, rejoices in a population composed of thieves, pickpockets, cutthroats and gentlemen engaged in similar peaceful avocations.

Thither comes Sir Oliver Holt, a rich nobleman who has been told by his physicians that high living, combined with high finance, has wrecked his nervous system and that he has only a short time more to live.

The patient decides that it is not

Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

KATHERINE KAELRED
The "Vampire-Lady" in *A Fool There Was*

worth while waiting, waiting, waiting for the end and that it is much better he should make an excursion to the unknown land quietly and without blare of trumpets. So he dons an old suit of clothes, puts a pistol in his pocket and decides that next day another "unknown" will be carried out of a slums lodging-house.

But he meets Glad—Glad with her cheerful theory that "things ain't never so bad as you thought they

Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

ELEANOR ROBSON
Starring in *The Dawn of a To-morrow*

was"; Glad, with her standard of conduct, "when yer down on yer luck, think of something else. Do something else. Laugh. Dance. Sing. You'll forget yer troubles and if you begins to remember, do something else again."

Sir Oliver is interested in the absurd little waif with her shock of red hair and her sunny philosophy. He finds that she is hungry and he buys food for her and her friends.

After an evening spent in the society of thieves, pickpockets, and ragamuffins, Sir Oliver comes to the conclusion that there is a great deal left for him to do in the world and he decides to disappoint his heir and stay among mortals, using Glad as a helper in his new scheme of living.

The play is received with much applause and Miss Robson's personal success must be gratifying to her after her somewhat chilly reception in her last vehicle, *Vera, the Medium.*

There is a fog scene in the London streets that bears all the ear-marks of genuine realism and is received with much enthusiasm.

THE VOICE OF THE STAIRS

BY HELEN CLARK BALMER

YES, it is worth while to be a flight of stairs in a shadowy hall, and to feel the soft darkness give way to the gorgeous tinted light of a stained-glass window, as one creeps upward step by step along the walls! Though I never enter the pleasant rooms that stretch away on either side of me, I know them well, for through their open doors I get a glimpse of the rich furnishings. One is walled with books, and those who go in and out often wear sober faces, so that I like better the room which talks music; and I cannot tell you how I listen for the bright songs and the gay thunder that rolls through all the house. But the tiny pink room is most to my mind, because a little girl sleeps there; and as she never closes her door, night nor day, I can see all that happens within. That pretty, curtained, soft white thing is where she sleeps. Those are her playthings strewn about the floor. I used to have a good look into a dainty green room, but the small girl who once lived in there has grown into a tall young woman who usually brings another like herself up to that room, and then shuts the door in my very face. Sometimes I think it unkind that I am not allowed to satisfy my curiosity, when I do so much for the family by way of getting them up or down stairs.

I like old people, for they have a lingering step and will stand and talk all the way up and down, so that I get many scraps of pleasant conversation. But, better still, I am never tired of having little feet patter over me. I am getting old, they say, and often I creak loudly on winter nights. I try not to disturb good people; but when the boys come in about twelve o'clock I cannot help letting their father know that they are safe home for the night. How do I know what time it is? The old clock tells me. He and I are close companions on this landing. I am well protected by beautiful oak bars and a broad handrail that ends in two carved posts, standing like sentinels at my foot. Once this railing of mine had a fine, glossy surface, but since the boys have put off knickerbockers for long trousers, it is not used for "rapid transit". (I believe that term is allowable.) I am not so ignorant of language as one might suppose, for I overhear a great deal of "English A," when young people come to see us

They all like to sit on me and talk. Talk! did I say? Well, yes, *somewhat*; anyway, enough to put the *clock* out of countenance. Sometimes a white arm steals 'round my banisters. Don't think I haven't feelings.

I am always glad whenever the mistress is "at home" to her lady friends "from two till six," for then I am the most popular part of the house. Handsome skirts sweep me from top to bottom, and I get whiffs of good things all the afternoon. How company makes the stupid old clock yawn! And he keeps on saying "two till six" until he mumbles it into "tootle's sick". I feel so ashamed of his manners and of his tipsy accent.

Talking about eating reminds me that the baby often brings me cookies and bread-and-butter, but how the maid scolds when we leave the crumbs around! Sometimes the baby leans her little golden head against me, and I suppose *you* call it "creaking," that noise I make because I am so fond of her.

Ah, well, I have found out many things during my life. I know when people are happy, and when they are tired and sad; for don't I feel their spirit, as they pass over my faithful body! And I would miss one of their dear, familiar footsteps, should it never touch me more. Yes, it is worth while to be a flight of stairs.

A DREAM

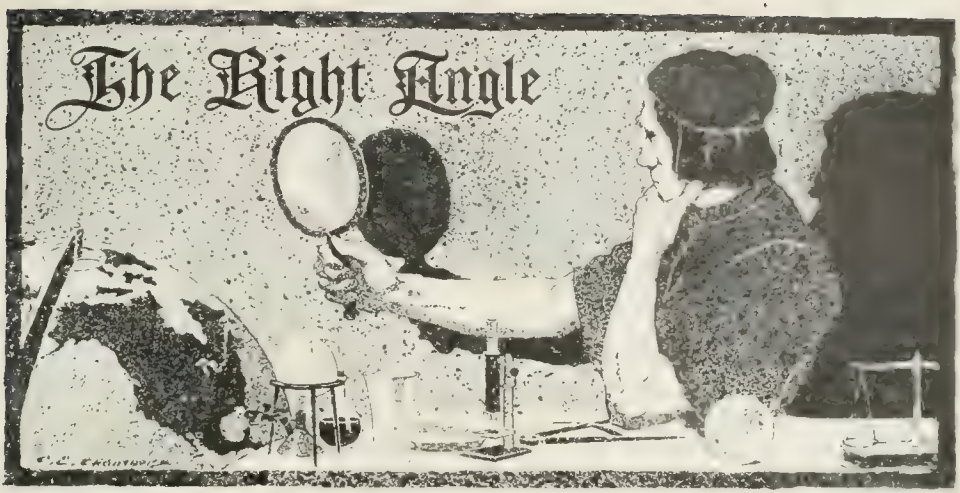
BY E. N. STEINHAUER

I DREAMED my hopes like dead leaves fell;
Their dry crisp rustle seemed to tell
Of naked boughs where winds would blow,
Of branches bare to winter's snow.

I woke, but through me shivering still,
I felt the cold and death-like chill,
Still falling leaves brushed past my cheek,
As when they touched me in my sleep.

Yet soon I smiled, the dream had gone,
A child of night from evil throng.
But some who sleep awake to grief,
To know their hopes a fallen leaf.

Their hearts grow chill 'neath winds that blow,
Their lives are bare to winter's snow,
They may not say: "It is a dream,
'Twill all be passed, with morning's beam."



A NEW COMMISSIONER

MR. W. S. CALVERT, the latest member of the National Transcontinental Railway Commission, has had an interesting career. Born in Watford, Ontario, he lived and worked there until after his marriage to Miss Cora Sutherland, of Napier, when he moved to that village to take charge of a general store. Not long afterward Mr. Calvert took the first step in his political career, his first office being reeve of Metcalfe. He then became warden of Middlesex and in 1896 was elected member for West Middlesex. Two years later he was appointed Assistant Liberal Whip and in 1901, Chief Liberal Whip, which position he has held ever since, although of course this new appointment has necessitated his resignation.

Mr. Calvert is an exceptionally able business man and his political life has developed in him the ability to think for himself and to act promptly. He should prove a valuable member of the commission.

W. S. CALVERT

CYRUS H. McCORMICK

IN commemoration of the birth of Cyrus H. McCormick in 1809, it is proposed to place a tablet in the Farmers' Hall of Fame at the College of Agriculture of the University of Illinois. A committee has been appointed to solicit and collate editorial expressions from all the agricultural journals of the world concerning the inventor of the reaper, the uses of the reaper itself, and what it has done for the improvement of farming in all civilized countries.

Mr. McCormick, for the larger part of his life, lived in the Middle West. His first machine was tried out on an Illinois farm, and its success was established there, so that the Illinois institution is justified in leading the memorial movement. Nowhere has the invention been more effective in aiding the development of a new country than it has been in Western Canada, and the agricultural newspapers of the Dominion should have much that would be valuable to say on the subject.

MARGARITA'S SOUL.

ONE of the most interesting books of the season is "Margarita's Soul" (John Lane Company).

Roger Bradley, a Puritan by descent and by inclination, though a man of the world by training, is walking up Broadway when he runs into a veiled lady who speaks to him and who accompanies him to a restaurant for dinner.

The beginning looks unpromising but Margarita turns out to be a very unusual person who has been brought up in the wilds by a housekeeper who might have been a Mary E. Wilkins' New England spinster.

Roger Bradley marries her and she becomes a celebrity. She sings wonderfully and shows a disregard of the conventions that is always delightful and sometimes amazing. The finding of her soul is an interesting climax to a story that is far removed from the ordinary in both theme and style.

It is said that the author's name, "Ingraham Lovell" is a disguise behind which is lurking a well-known writer. Certain it is that the writer, whoever he may be, reveals a style, a purpose and a distinction unusual and stimulating.

FLORENCE PRETZ AND "ROSIE."

OF COURSE you all know the little god, Billiken, and Miss Florence Pretz, who created him and who you recall made her first bow to the fairy-loving public in CANADA MONTHLY.

That is, you know her as far as anyone knows her. Nobody has ever found the key to Florence Pretz, the gay and sorrowful, shy and impish, merry-pencilled and solemn-eyed. An elusive, dark-haired, slim little enigma whom nobody has ever solved—that's Florence Pretz. Nobody ever knew what was passing in her elfin mind until she chose to tell; and nobody ever saw her Billiken off his throne until to-day, when she has shown him to us, prancing in most ungodlike abandon.

Of course, there's a story.

Last year Miss Pretz shared her studio, "The Eggshell," with two other girls, a gipsy and a poet. It was an innocent and light-hearted corner of Bohemia, as studios always are when poets and artists and gipsies are young, and have dreams. The studio motto was a word of George Borrow's, the immortal gipsy: "Life is sweet, brother; there's day and night, brother, both sweet things; sun, moon and stars, all sweet things; there's likewise a wind on the heath."

There was nothing wrong with the motto, and all three girls believed it. But life isn't always sweet, even to the most determined optimist; and one night the poet came home to a glum and disconsolate household. Miss Pretz sat grimly over a much-erased drawing; the gipsy glowered at her work-bench. The "Life is Sweet" motto had turned its face to the wall and its depressing white back to the room. There were no signs of dinner anywhere.

"Who's dead?" said the poet. "And what have you done with 'Life is Sweet'?"

"Huh!" said Miss Pretz, disgustedly. "I turned the thing! I don't believe it more than half the time, anyway. I've spent this whole lovely day putting different expressions on these kids I'm trying to draw, and they insist on wearing the same foolish simper through all of 'em. About the time I rubbed out the three hundred millionth expression, I couldn't stand 'Life is Sweet' one other minute. So I turned it wrongside out, but I can't say that it's made me feel much better."

Around the corners of the gipsy's mouth a little grin flickered, but she said nothing. The poet laughed.

"All sereno," she said, cheerfully. "You'll feel better after some dinner and a story or two. I've brought home a new *Lippincott's*. And now I'm going to get something to eat." Presently prosperous odors arose from the absurd little kitchen, and the atmosphere began to clear.

When the somewhat dinner-mollified company nibbled idly at their crackers and cheese, the poet glanced through her magazine and chuckled.

"Here's a life drawing of you merry-merrys as you looked when I opened the door," she said, appreciatively. "Listen to this."

ROSIE

One night a young fellow in New York couldn't sleep, and finally rising, pushed up his ground-floor window, and looked out into the street. It was about two o'clock in the morning—the time when everything in the city is at its lowest ebb. At the end of the street a nighthawk cab crawled by. A policeman appeared under the corner electric light, and passed out into the darkness. Everything was empty and still.

Presently a derelict individual came tacking uncertainly down the sidewalk until he reached the steps where the young fellow still gazed out into the night. There he plumped himself hopelessly down, and sat musing, his ragged head in his hands, dejection in every line of him.

Suddenly he spoke raucously, without moving from his grim posture:

"To Hell mit der Church! To Hell mit der Boss! To Hell mit everybody—'cept Rosie!"

The young fellow at the window watched him curiously, wondering what his story was, and who Rosie might be. Suddenly the derelict rose to his feet, squared off his shoulders defiantly, and gesturing with shut fist, exclaimed:

"To Hell mit Rosie!" and strode away.—*Lippincott's.*

It was "Rosie" that she read, and the last vestige of gloom disappeared in the shout of delight that greeted the climax. When the laugh subsided, Miss Pretz reached for her drawing-board and sketched idly as she listened.

After awhile the poet ceased, and looked over Miss Pretz's shoulder, to chortle when the joke dawned upon her. For ignominiously turned on its face the studio motto lay on the board, and on the back capered a string of imps around the last straw, the final epitome of the derelict German's philosophy of life, "To Hell mit Rosie!" just as it is reproduced here. Every fat, grinning elf was nearly bursting with laughter; the joke evidently appealed to them, as much as it did to the poet.

"Lovely! Oh, lovely!" she cried. "Oh, Gipsy! Look here!"

Miss Pretz blushed and put her hands over it.

"Don't! It's not for publication!" she protested, but Gipsy closed one long hand over both her little ones, and burst into a gurgle of delight.

"Sunshine and Shadow in the Human Heart, eh?" said she. "Reversible House-Motto. Barometer at normal, 'Life is Sweet!'—dirty weather brewing, 'Rosie'. Just what we've always needed. Up she goes beside the 'No Trespassing' sign."

"Oh, no, she doesn't," protested Miss Pretz, but she was overruled, not to say extinguished, and the tall gipsy put it up with four stout thumb-tacks while the poet held down the writhing artist with a fat sofa-cushion.

"Carried by two-thirds majority," said the gipsy. "It's going to stay."

"Oh, *very* well," replied Miss Pretz. "I'm only an insurgent minority, I suppose—and I'll admit it's likely to be useful."

So at "The Eggshell" "Life is Sweet" smiles down on Miss Pretz's dark head. You might drop in at the studio twenty-nine days out of the thirty, and never guess that the decorous oak frame harbors anything contraband

But on the thirtieth day, when things go wrong, as things sometimes will; when dolls are stuffed with sawdust, and the world is hollow, and the gipsy begins to quote Omar the Pagan, tragedy arises, proclaims an aggravated case of ingrowing sorrow, "turns Rosie"—and elicits a joyful grin!

AKIN TO A HEROINE

BY LOUISE DARBY

Author of "The Loggers," "A Nurse from Teulon," etc.

IN THE city of Winnipeg lives a little old lady, sweet-voiced, gentle, bowed by the weight of her more than fourscore years, yet bearing them gallantly with unimpaired faculties. Modest and simple, to the casual observer she is remarkable only for a certain quaintness in her dress. On Sundays and occasions she is quite conventional, but every day she wears a linsey-woolsey gown with plain tight-fitting bodice and full skirt gathered on at the waist line, and an old-country cap of black net with a flounce of lace hanging over her neck and a full ruche framing the kind old face, from which shine out the most surprising eyes, true violet, and bright as a girl's. She lives in a cottage with a married granddaughter and may be found at almost any time amusing the little great-grandchildren or crooning over the baby of the flock. It is a quiet, homely picture not remarkable in any way; yet that white-haired woman is the only link that this generation has with a heroine to whose name the world has thrilled for three-quarters of a century—Grace Darling. For Mrs. Anne Gates Anderson, of Winnipeg, is a cousin of the heroine of the Farne Islands, and was brought up near the coast of far-away Northumberland almost within sight of Longstone Light where Grace Darling lived her short life and performed her act of heroism.

Many persons believe in "blood," in "family," and even the skeptical, seeing how simply and cheerfully Mrs. Anderson has borne the storms and sorrows of a long life, can not but feel that there is a real kinship between this little old lady of Winnipeg and the heroine of the wreck of the Forfarshire. Grace Darling lived all her short life on a lonely, rocky island, black and forbidding, in the midst of treacherous, rushing currents and jagged reefs. Her father was a stern Christian who brought up his children strictly, but was fond of music and natural history and educated them himself. There were nine children, but Grace was one of the younger ones and by the time she had grown up all the others had left home and gone to the mainland. So hers was a quiet, lonely life, almost as secluded as that of St. Cuthbert when he retired for prayer and meditation to the neighboring island of Lindisfarne or Holy Island.

Her cousin, Anne Gates, brought up on a mainland farm and married before she was eighteen, has had a very different life. Yet it has been a life that required its own kind of heroism. It takes bravery for a woman of over fifty to leave the village in which she

has lived all her life, where her father and her father's father before him have managed the same farm; to break all the ties of friendship and emigrate to a new country thousands of miles away. After a voyage of sixteen days the Andersons reached Ontario, where they stayed four years. Then, in 1879, they left the East and its comforts and settled at Springfield in Manitoba, to endure all the hardships of a frontier life "before the railroad came." But when you mention these trials, Mrs. Anderson's eyes only brighten with a half-scornful amusement, seeming to say, "Yes, there were hardships such as you, young lady, can never know anything about, but they were to be borne and that was all there was to it." Looking into the steady eyes, spirited and resolute still in spite of the wrinkled skin and tremulous mouth, you feel that she is indeed of the same blood as the frail, blue-eyed girl who was "ready to risk her life to save others, but asked no praise."

It is just seventy years since that seventh of September, 1838, when the good ship "Forfarshire" was wrecked, but Mrs. Anderson remembers clearly how the wind rose and rose all during the evening, and with it came the rain, until by bed-time the roar of the wind was so great and the rain came down in such sheets that the farmhouse seemed cut off from all the world. The family shuddered as they thought of boats being out in that tempest, and wondered how their cousins on the bleak island were faring. But it was some days before their anxiety was relieved. The next morning the lighthouse signaled for aid from the mainland, and a boat put out from Sunderland to go to its relief. The anxious watchers on shore saw it reach the island safely, but then the storm rose again and the boat could not get away for several days. When at last it reached port again and the crew and survivors told the story of the wreck and the rescue, the whole coast was wrought up to a great pitch of excitement between admiration for the heroic deed and wrath at the owners of the vessel for allowing it to sail with leaking boilers.

The "Forfarshire" was a staunch new boat, built only two years before, but with defective boilers. Some patched-up repairs were made on them that afternoon before she sailed from Hull for Dundee, but as she steamed through the Fairway between the Farne Islands and the mainland against a strong north wind, the boilers began to leak. The leaks grew worse and worse as the wind rose. By midnight the storm was at its height; then the fires went out entirely. The helpless boat was buffeted about for three hours till at last it was driven onto one of the rocks of the Farne Islands. For a few minutes it hung on its rough support, while crew and passengers stood breathless; then a mighty sea lifted it high in the air and brought it crashing down on the jagged rib of rock; a sickening rending, and the whole rear half fell back into the raging waters and was swept away through a terrific current called the Piper Gut. On the rock were left the splintered remains of the bows and eleven terrified souls, all that were left of the sixty-three who sailed from Hull a few hours before. With the sea breaking over them, and the north wind lashing them, they clung to the sharp rock, eight men and one woman, clasping in her arms two little children. They were very quiet as it took all their strength to hold on to the slippery support, but at times as they gazed hopelessly at the light showing dimly through the driving rain, they shrieked aloud in their agony.

Meanwhile the little household at the Longstone Light had spent an evening of anxiety. It was a perilous post, given only to men of tried faithfulness and courage, so they were accustomed to storm and danger. But as they watched the rising wind and torrents of rain they grew fearful and went to bed with forebodings of disaster. Grace was restless, listening to the howl of the storm. About dawn she was roused with a cry echoing dimly in her ears. Rising quickly, she called her father and insisted on his searching the sea with his glass. He thought that she had been dreaming, and at first could find nothing, but at last dimly, through the gusts of driving rain, he

descried the poor remnant of the crew of the "Forfarshire" clinging to a rock far away to the north.

On the island there were only William Darling, his wife, and daughter. Between them and the shipwrecked there flowed a raging sea. No one man alone could possibly get a boat across. It was hopeless.

Yet not quite hopeless; Grace had taken a great resolution. In spite of the protests of the old mother, in spite of their certain knowledge that the tide would make it impossible for them to get back unless some of the men on the rock should have strength enough left to help with the rowing, in spite of the smallness of the chance that they would ever be able to reach the rock at all, the cobble was launched and father and daughter bent to the oars. Slowly the boat made its way across the rolling water, now appearing on the top of a wave, now lost to view so long that the straining watchers on the rock and the frantic mother on the island uttered prayers of thankfulness when at last it crested a wave again. So the two toiled on, the strong man and the frail girl putting every ounce of her strength and all her gallant spirit into every pull on her oar. Tears streamed down the cheeks of the rough sailors as they watched her straining efforts. As the boat neared the rock another danger confronted them; the boat had to be steadied so that it would not be ground to pieces on the rough projections. One of the men on the rock had held on to a great spike and with it he helped to hold the boat. After several attempts and narrow escapes it was accomplished, and four men and the woman were taken off. The woman still held, hugged to her breast almost insanely, the stiff little bodies of her children, who had died in her arms from the exposure and terror of the night.

A second trip was made by William Darling to take off the four men who had been left behind on the rock. This time two of the sailors took Grace's place; her task was done.

This was the story brought back from the island by the Sunderland relief boat. Is it strange that it caused great excitement, not only on that remote Northumberland coast, but all over England? Do you wonder that it made a deep impression on that young girl of fourteen, who now sits, a bent old woman, telling of the events of her youth as though they happened yesterday? Yes, it must be very real to her. Even as she ceases to speak, her eyes fix themselves on space and grow dreamy, and we feel that her spirit has flown back over the lapse of years, across land and sea, to the picturesque coast of Northumberland, where she is once more wandering about her father's farm at Alderstone or tramping down to the shore from which she can gaze out over the restless waters of the North Sea to a lonely lighthouse among its rocks where lives the cousin to whom all the world is paying tribute. A wagon rumbles past the house, and the coal in the base burner stove settles with a rattle, but she hears only the roar of the surf.

We hesitate to break in upon her thoughts. A golden-haired great-grandchild presses against the old lady's knee and pats her hand. With a little start Mrs. Anderson exclaims, "Why, bless me, how I have been dreaming. When we were talking about Grace Darling the name sent me back seventy years and I was thinking about how excited I was over the big storm and the rescue. You see I was only a slip of a romantic young thing and I used to wonder if I would have dared to do it if I had been on the Island in her place. . . . Well, it's hard to tell.

"Grace was always modest and sensible, and the notice she received troubled her sorely. Of course the medals and money from the societies were welcome enough, but she hated to sit for her portrait as often as it was asked, and really felt almost insulted when theatre and circus managers offered her large salaries. Visitors went to the island by hundreds trying to get a word with her, and she would have been quite bald if she had given away half the locks of hair that people demanded. It really was hard for a modest girl who felt that she had only done her duty. It was

a sad blow to the family when she died less than four years after the rescue. Yes, it was consumption. Some of the family thought it came from the strain and exposure of that morning. She was very patient, never complaining during all of her long illness and at the last she laid her life down cheerfully.

"She had a short life and I have had a very long one, eight-four years. She never married and I was married before I was eighteen and have had six children, thirty grandchildren, and fifteen great-grandchildren. No, they are not all living, and a shade of sorrow passes over the patient face. "I lost three daughters when they were women grown. The mother of these children is my oldest daughter's child. I took her when her mother died, leaving her a tiny thing sixteen days old, and we have been together ever since."

As she speaks, the little baby wakes up and cries. She hurries to pick it up and comfort it, in a moment proudly displaying a smiling infant, "my baby's youngest."

And so we leave her. Looking back at the quaint old figure with her white head in its black lace cap bending over the bright-eyed babe in her lap, recalling the brave smile in the blue eyes when she spoke of the sorrows of a long, long life, we feel that her voice is so sweet and her eyes so young because she is akin, not only in blood, but in soul also, to that brave and steadfast spirit, Grace Darling.

MRS. ANNE GATES ANDERSON
A cousin and contemporary of Grace Darling, lives in Winnipeg, and is our only link with the famous heroine of the wreck of the "Forfarshire."

THE SONGS I LONG FOR

By E. Laurence Lee

SING me a song of a Christmas meal,
A song of old time love.
Sing of the earthly things I feel,
And the wondrous sky above.
Sing to me of the bursting sod
That breathes the life of earth.
And the old creek's bed where the daisies nod;
And the ripple's chuckling mirth.

Sing to me of the gleaming pond
Where the minnows swam so thick.
Or sing of the old schoolhouse beyond,
And the old red church of brick.
Sing of a good old taffy-pull.
Sing of the snow and rain.
Sing of the dun old bellowing bull.
Sing of the waving grain.

Sing to me of the winter's night,
Sing of a mother grey.
Sing of a back-log burning bright—
And the little ones at play.
Sing of whatever makes the flow
Of the flood that goes back there
To a home where the firelight shadows glow
And all of us kneel in prayer.

OLD MAN GIDDLES OBSERVES:

A GIRL with small feet always has the hammock swung where it can be seen from the street.

Tempus mutantur, as the fellow says. Nowadays you can go to a picnic and not see some young man put on the girls' hats and get a reputation as a comic.

Probably even a deaf and dumb pugilist would hire some one to do his talking for him.

People will say things about your photograph they wouldn't dare to say about your face.

Some people are like the turtles. The Turtle family has been resting for years on the laurels of the ancestor who outran the hare.

What can women think of men who profess to relish these little sandwiches made of thin bread and a lettuce leaf?

It is a smart child that can recognize its own smartness after its parents have told of it a few times.

Don't think your chronic invalid friend is better when he smiles. He may have discovered a new symptom to talk about.

COULDN'T FOOL HER

"MISS BROWN," asks the austere chaperon, "what would you do if a young man should ask you for a kiss?"

"Now, don't try to make me think you have lived as long as you have and haven't mastered that subject!" giggles Miss Brown.